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Defence After
Blue Streak

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The Harbingers of Death

WASHINGTON'S behaviour over the U-2 incident – a blend of panic, shame and truculent bravado – poses a triple threat. It could destroy the last remaining hopes of a successful Summit. It could inflict permanent damage on the western alliance. It could lead to a third world war. The first danger is, perhaps, the least. Though Mr Krushchev has, with merciless skill, got the last ounce of propaganda from the affair, he still seems disposed to go to Paris with a mind to negotiate. Mr Macmillan, too, refuses to despair; he has let it be known that he still hopes the meeting will produce a test-ban agreement. For this the Americans can take no credit, and we must hope that President Eisenhower reaches the Summit in chastened mood.

The second danger is far more real. Nato, Seato and Cento are self-proclaimed defensive alliances; such countries as Norway and Pakistan would not have joined except on this clear understanding. From any point of view, the U-2's flight – of a type which Mr Herter admits is used 'on occasion' – was an offensive operation, exposing the countries whose bases it used to legitimate retaliation. It emerges from this week's confidential Congressional briefing that the President and senior members of Congress were privy to this type of flight; though they might not know the date and details of each operation, they accepted the policy and therefore cannot shelter behind military irresponsibility. Moreover, the policy itself involved the deception of allies; the US is given facilities at the Peshawar base, for instance, on the explicit understanding that no military operations be mounted from it. Yet Washington has not merely admitted deception; if Mr Herter means what he says, it is to continue, despite Soviet threats to take counter-action. It is difficult to see how the alliance can continue on this basis, and its break-up or weakening at this stage might drive the Americans to even rasher courses.

Even more serious is the danger that such flights, by their very nature, might persuade the Soviet leaders – who still believe Washington capable of a 'Pearl Harbour' – that a nuclear attack is in course, and so set in motion the irreversible machinery of total war. Certainly, the U-2 affair demolishes the bland reassurances (with which Mr Macmillan, for instance, has repeatedly soothed Parliamentary fears) that 'accidental' war is impossible. Spy planes fly at the same speed and height as megaton bombers and can be mistaken for them; and the tempo of push-button warfare does not allow for a careful weighing of risks. Washington's boast that such flights will soon be rendered obsolete by the launching of permanent spy satellites does not remove the danger; indeed, to judge from the Soviet reaction, it may well increase it. The US, in fact, seems bent on convincing its allies that the famous American umbrella has now become a death-shroud.

American obduracy, of course, rests on the angry knowledge that Russia need not resort to illegal devices to obtain similar data about US installations. But this is the strength of a free society, as well as its weakness. Moreover a remedy to this unbalance is at hand. Now that the Russians have accepted the principle of controlled disarmament – and, albeit reluctantly, a growing number of its details – an agreement, even with an imperfect inspection system, offers a far surer guarantee against surprise attack than any number of U-2 missions. Yet it is precisely the Pentagon, which complains most stridently against the advantages Russia enjoys in garnering military secrets, that has been the most persistent opponent of a treaty. The same day the Russians announced the destruction of the U-2, Mr Eisenhower was persuaded to resume underground tests, a move calculated to wreck the hopes of a test agreement. The only way the President can extricate himself from the disreputable U-2 affair is to rescind this disastrous decision, and to go to Paris next week determined to clinch an agreement on tests – the first step towards grounding these harbingers of death forever.

Comments on the Week's News

Commonwealth Clash

The notion of avoiding any public clash about *apartheid* in the Commonwealth Conference was never practical. Feeling within the Commonwealth, which is by a huge majority non-white, is far too strong. It was Mr Louw himself who started the public row in a press conference of hand-picked journalists. Some papers, disliked by the South African government, were not asked to send representatives; in the case of those which did receive invitations, individual journalists were asked, with the proviso that the ticket of entry was not transferrable. Even so, Mr Louw met with an unsympathetic reception within the press conference as well as a hostile crowd outside it. He returns with the knowledge that almost everyone in this country hates *apartheid;* he was not even able to persuade anyone that it means a genuine separation of races and not, in fact, a way of making 11 million blacks the virtual slaves of the three million whites. Tunku Abdul Rahman's undiplomatic condemnation merely cleared the air. One disadvantage of South Africa's presence at the Conference is that other issues, such as the Common Market and policy for the Summit, have not received the attention they deserved. About the Summit a measure of unity does, however, appear to have been attained; unity had been made easier because India's attitude to the Communist bloc has stiffened and Australia and other powers have become more moderate. But the still unresolved question is whether South Africa can remain in the Commonwealth. She proposes a referendum on the Republican issue in which the great majority of the nation's inhabitants will not be allowed to vote and in which, presumably, the Union will try to include South West Africa – although repeated UN resolutions have denied that it is part of South Africa. Ghana and other new Commonwealth members, which may become Republics, are sure of re-admittance, but the Commonwealth is a club in which the veto of one member is enough to exclude another. South Africa is unlikely to escape a blackball.

Both Sides of Africa

In the same week in which the announcement was made that Sierra Leone is to attain independence on 27 April 1961, developments in East and Central Africa took a dangerous turn. Nothing can better illustrate the contrast between peaceful evolutions to statehood in the West African colonies where white settlement has never been a factor, and the dangers inherent in developments towards the same goal where there are strongly entrenched white communities. Sierra Leone is not only to be independent, but the new arrangement breaks the rule that British aid ceases on independence by securing £7.5 million in grants and loans to cover her costs after colonial rule is removed. On the other hand, the road to independence in Kenya is much more stoney. It had been hoped that the Lancaster House agreement of earlier this year charted the way towards a smooth evolution leading to African majority government and eventual independence. It has now been called in question by the agitation of African leaders who are demanding both the immediate release of Jomo Kenyatta from restriction and virtually immediate independence. The next move may be a campaign of civil disobedience. In Northern Rhodesia ugly violence has already broken out with an attack on a white woman and her children. In this territory, frustration has been growing for the past 18 months since the completely undemocratic constitution was imposed by Lennox Boyd against the advice of the African Affairs Board. Political frustration in the present temper of Africa can take some brutal forms and may lead directly to black racialism. Yet the situation in both Kenya and Northern Rhodesia is complicated by the factor of personal rivalries amongst the African leaders. In Kenya, the competing leaders are all using the campaign for Kenyatta's release to gain popular support and vying with each other in their demands for early independence. In Northern Rhodesia the split between Harry Nkumbula and Kenneth Kaunda, leaders of Congress and the new United National Independence Party respectively, is weakening the chances of strong and wise leadership.

A Flea in Sir Edgar's Ear

The dwindling band of friends of Federation in Central Africa can draw some comfort from Sir Edgar Whitehead's return to Southern Rhodesia minus any significant prize. Had the British government granted the sort of concessions it made to Sir Roy Welensky in 1957, the out-and-out secessionist Dominion Party would have been presented with a ready-made weapon for use in the all-too-likely event of its return to power at the next Southern Rhodesian election. The African representatives of the new National Democratic Party who dogged Sir Edgar's heels into London did, in the event, manage to see Lord Home. They were given the customary bland assurance that nothing would be concluded that might be prejudicial to African interests. But he rejected their demand for an immediate constitutional conference of all races in Southern Rhodesia, with representation on a basis directly proportionate to numbers, on the grounds that such a proposal must await the outcome of the Monckton Commission and the Federal Constitutional talks. The NDP is clearly the heir to the proscribed African National Congress, of which most of its senior officials are ex-members. It calls itself a 'party of the majority', another way of saying 'nationalist', and demands immediate universal suffrage. Founded only last January, it claims almost 10,000 members; except for a handful of anonymous whites, they are all Africans. It has already dealt a most serious blow to Garfield Todd's non-racial Central African Party by denuding it of the majority of its African supporters.

Unwise Words from Lambeth

Lord Morrison of Lambeth did no service to the hospitals by his recent remarks to the Royal Society of Health congress. Having criticised the present system of nominated hospital committees, he advocated the handing over of the hospitals to local authorities. If popular control were the only issue, Lord Morrison might be right, but there are many other factors. In fact, the reasons which caused the government of which he was a leading member to set up *ad hoc* authorities to run the hospitals are even more valid today than they were then. Local government is still unreformed, and if reactions to the Commission's proposals are any indication, it is likely to remain so. The absurd disparity in size between counties and county boroughs still makes them impracticable units for hospital planning. Financially, the service is even further beyond the resources of local government than was estimated in 1946, when this was a leading reason for relieving it of hospital responsibilities. At best local authorities could only be agents of central government, and Conservative attitude towards local government expenditure, as exemplified in the block grant system, do not inspire confidence in their financial ability to fill this role. But were the prospects brighter it would still be wrong to destroy a system which has in the main succeeded in the task of creating a planned, well-distributed hospital service. It is not the structure of regional boards and management committees which is at fault, but the method by which their membership is selected. Direct nomination to boards and committees by local authorities in their areas would go far to meet Lord Morrison's point without uprooting the whole service. Better public relations and a change of attitude inside the hospitals towards patients and visitors will do more to dissipate anonymity and remoteness than any structural reform. With so many useful comments to be made, it is a pity Lord Morrison played to the gallery with a suggestion which could cripple the service.

Value for Money

The evidence submitted to the Molony Committee on Consumer Protection mounts steadily, some of it inevitably repetitive. By the time the committee finally reports in 1962, the government will have little excuse for inaction in meeting a general demand for a consumer's organisation sponsored by public funds. From the detailed evidence submitted by, among others, the invaluable Retail Trading Standards Association and the Consumers' Association, it emerges that much can be done within existing legislation to detect and prosecute sharp practice by manufacturers. The trouble is that enough is not done. Nevertheless, as a new PEP pamphlet, *Consumer Protection and Enlightenment*, correctly observes, there has been little support from the public or 'consumer-oriented organisations' for the suggestion that a Minister of Consumer Welfare be created. Whether this is the wisest attitude is, however, arguable. Certainly the last few years have seen a sharp increase in consumer-morale, largely through the work of magazines like *Which?* But its very large readership is almost exclusively middle-class and sophisticated. Outside this pale is the great mass of the people many of whom regard shoddily manufactured goods as crosses to bear, rather like PAYE, the shoddiness of hospital treatment, the power of landlords or the petty restrictions of council-house tenancies. It is quite possible that education in their role as consumers will erode this fatalism. It is more probable that a strong lead by the government in the form of a new ministry with powers which would include a more drastic enforcement of Acts like the Weights and Measures and Merchandise Marks and new limitations on the freedom of advertisers to mislead, would do the trick.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

Big Fish

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Had Nikita Krushchev required to illustrate – to his own people, to the world, to ageing military experts still fighting the last war in their imagination – his statement that though taxes were being lowered and the army reduced, the Soviet Union's fire power was increasing from day to day, a more vivid one than the story he told the Supreme Soviet and many million television viewers last Saturday could not be imagined. It must have cost the ebullient premier a great effort on the previous Thursday to withhold from those who listened to his long speech all the facts about the American photo-reconnaissance aircraft's incursion deep into Russia. But his restraint paid off handsomely, for in the meantime explanations were given in Washington that enabled him to get far more laughs than might have been expected over such a subject, and thus to lower the tension which had been created by his original statement, and which had thoroughly disturbed public opinion. For strangely enough, although the more complete version of Francis Gary Powers' attempt to undertake a high altitude flight over the USSR from the Pamir Mountains to the Kola Peninsular – traversing such interesting places as the Sea of Aral, Sverdlovsk and Murmansk – was a far more shocking revelation of aerial espionage, the case as described was *prima facie* so good that people began to see it as a victory over certain elements in America, which could hardly fail to change the balance of forces in Washington, and perhaps in Rawalpindi, Oslo and Ankara too, in favour of peace.

There is no doubt that people were puzzled as well as indignant about the incident as they first heard it described. True Krushchev had succeed in rallying the deputies into a demonstration of patriotic fervour. He had, too, shown friends and foes abroad that though he was going to Paris bearing the banner of peaceful coexistence, he was not allowing any slackness in defending the Soviet frontiers and other vital interests. But why, some asked, had he brought forward this matter at such length and with such emphasis that it overshadowed the sense of gratification, indeed of relaxation, that his announcement of tax reductions, shorter working hours and a stepping up of consumer goods production had caused? Krushchev himself went out of his way to try to restrain popular indignation. We must not let indignation but reason guide our actions, he said. The Soviet government did not think there were sufficient grounds for drawing the conclusions that the intrusion by the American plane was a portent of war. Why then the prominence?

Saturday afternoon brought the answer. The details of the incident – a 1,250 mile flight into Soviet territory, four hours' flying for a Lockheed U-2, a set of incriminating photographs of military airfields and petrol dumps, the pilot's macabre collection of poison, gold and daggers, not to mention the ladies jewellery – built up into a case so devastating that it cried out to be used against the CIA, the Pentagon and US air bases in CENTO and NATO countries.

The most interesting feature of the changes in party and governmental leading organs announced on the eve of the Supreme Soviet meeting was the reduction of the central committee's secretariat from 10 to 6, with the addition to it of Frol Kozlov, generally considered to have been one of Krushchev's closest associates in governmental work. The most likely explanation is that the heavy economic and administrative tasks that the country is faced with as the seven-year plan gathers momentum requires more concentration in narrower fields – and perhaps more physical displacement of leading personnel – than secretariat work permits. Another plausible reason is that the reduction in numbers marks the close of a period in which the Communist Party was being built up to its present position of complete involvement in the national life.

Rome

Crisis Unresolved

Once again the Italian Christian Democrat Party has failed to solve either its own problems or those of the country. After a two-month crisis a 'six-month' government has been formed, under Signor Fernando Tambroni, to deal with administrative matters. 'A government', commented Pietro Nenni, 'which will be entirely taken up with worrying about its daily survival. The idea that this state of affairs can last until October while Italy, Europe and the world are at a decisive turning point, cannot be entertained by anybody . . . the patient must decide, or give up the ghost.'

Today, Italy's massive Catholic party seems on the verge of a schism. The continued existence of this inter-class party becomes more and more difficult as a clash of class interests explodes within its own ranks, rendering it incapable even of forming a normal government. The right wing of the party clearly represents the financial interests of the big monopolies, while the Left-wing, headed by Sr Fanfani, is now more and more clearly representing the interests of the Italian working class. The right wing would not hesitate to split the party and create another one, in order to prevent a government supported by Pietro Nenni's Socialists. But the left wing, more loyal to their religious convictions, hesitate to break away because they still think it their duty to preserve Catholic unity.

The Church itself is divided as regards Nenni. Some 84 Bishops have been cited as being in favour of a centre left government. Pope John XXIII, in his reorganisation of the Church, decreed that he, head of the Universal Church, which is above nations, would not, like his predecessor, take a direct interest in Italian politics. He left the clergy of each nation to define its own attitude towards the local political scene. For this reason the organisation known as 'Episcopal Conferences', presided over by Cardinal Siri – Italy's number one political priest – has of late increased its power in Italy and is in close touch with the political world. Siri is the leader of Catholic Action and is also connected with industrial groups. During the recent crisis he tried to obtain from all the Bishops a veto against any form of collaboration between Christian Democrats and Nenni Socialists. He failed to convince them. It also transpired that Cardinal Tardini, the Vatican secretary of state, was not opposed to a centre left government.

In the Christian Democrat party the MPs have a habit of consulting the local Bishop before they make any political decisions. There is a very practical reason for this: it is the Bishop who procures the votes. Cardinal Ottaviani, who clamorously opposed President Gronchi's visit to Moscow, is reported to have stated recently that the right wing of the Christian Democrat party should not hesitate to split the party if Sr Fanfani formed a government with the Socialists. He stated that the right-wing had nothing to fear because 8 million of the Christian Democrat party's 12 million votes were the votes of the Church's organisations and only 4 million votes belonged to the Christian Democrat party proper.

An opening towards Nenni thus became impossible. At this point Sr Tambroni emerged. During the congress of the Christian Democrat party at Florence last year, Sr Tambroni was a member of Sr Fanfani's group. He has now broken away from Fanfani and the left wing of the party in an apparent betrayal of his former convictions. The Italian political crisis thus remains completely unsolved and, in a matter of days or months, will present itself again in a more acute form. In consequence there is an increasing tendency for the left to unite.

BRUCE RENTON

Science

Continents Adrift?

Did Newfoundland once nudge Connaught, and is the Bay of Bengal a space vacated by Australia? A quick look at the map of the world shows that the continents can be fitted together tolerably well to reconstruct a great land mass which hypothetically broke up in the days of the dinosaurs. This idea of continental drift, proposed by Alfred Wegener more than a generation ago, has been handled gingerly by scientists ever since. This week, Professor P. M. S. Blackett took it firmly in his grasp and declared it tenable.

With his colleagues Drs Clegg and Stubbs at Imperial College, Blackett has appraised the mass of information collected in recent years about the magnetism of rocks lying in the Earth's crust. Recently formed magnetic rocks, those laid down in the last 20 million years or so, are magnetised in the north-south direction (dipping towards the poles), showing that at their formation they responded to the influence of the Earth's magnetism, as we know it today. In rocks more than 100 million years old the simple pattern disappears: the magnetic orientations bear little relation to present circumstances. In this confused record, Blackett sees only two explanations: either the Earth's magnetism has undergone some extraordinary changes (this is not easy to credit and may soon be eliminated by more precise measurement) or the continents have moved.

Blackett is by no means the first to have come to this conclusion on the basis of rock magnetism, but there has been sharp controversy. The arguments of the disbelievers have hinged on the possible disorientation of magnetic rocks by local earth movements or by remagnetisation. For Blackett to lend his authority and his powers of analysis in making out a *prima facie* case for continental drift is an important step.

The question may seem to have curiosity

value only and to be irrelevant to the pressing needs of a world wherein the continents are by far the most stable things we know. But if the motions of the continents are established they will give new hints on where to look for oil and other minerals in underdeveloped countries. They will permit a more definite reconstruction of the ways in which living species spread across the world, so that we may the better understand the balance of nature before man intruded clumsily. And the associated analysis of ancient changes in climate will help in the understanding of today's weather – and its possible control.

No one is going to accept continental drift on the basis of rock magnetism alone. Corroboration can be found. In English railway cuttings the profiles of fossilised sand-dunes lie revealed, and from their shapes one can deduce the direction of the prevailing wind when they were formed 300 million years ago: it blew from the east. Professor S. K. Runcorn who has investigated this 'aeolian sandstone' has also found that similar deposits in Utah and Wyoming indicate north-easterly winds; and he deduces that both Britain and that part of the US were in the northern tropics at the time, subjected to the north-easterly trade winds. This is only one example: the records of glaciation, sedimentation, coral formation and so on all speak of drastic changes in climate.

The modern picture of the Earth, with the liquid, electrically conducting core that gives rise to the Earth's magnetism, the great surrounding stony bulk of the mantle and the thin weathered crust, leaves room for the ponderous forces that could shift continents – chiefly, perhaps, in the rising of molten rock from the bowels producing sideways convection near the surface.

However, it is now also clear that the continents are not just protuberances above the sea level. The crust of the Earth is far thicker beneath the continents than beneath the ocean floor. This is why the American project Mohole, for drilling an experimental hole right through to the Mohorovicic Discontinuity where the crust meets the mantle, will be undertaken from a drilling tower floating in the deep ocean. And this is why it is very necessary for the protagonists of continental drift that they should establish that the Atlantic ocean-floor, supposedly formed in the separation of the continents, is somehow different from the eternal bed of the Pacific.

NIGEL CALDER

Westminster

Tom Pussyfoot

Sir Thomas Williamson's spring manœuvres offer a hint of the shape of things which some people in the Labour Party would like to come. For the annual conference of the General and Municipal Workers' Union he has put forward a resolution which ostentatiously omits any reference to nuclear weapons and, after welcoming the Summit conference, calls on the Labour movement to keep its international policy 'under the closest possible review'. Sir Thomas has his own domestic reasons for putting forward such a resolution. He knows that the unilateralists in his union are making headway. He knows too that his activities last summer, when he called a special conference to reverse a union decision, aroused resentment and contempt. He now hopes to avoid a head-on clash, in which he would probably be defeated, by trailing this harmless and meaningless soporific under the noses of his opponents. Such faith as this in the simplicity of his members has got Sir Thomas where he is.

There is another and less domestic point behind the resolution. Part of the Labour Party's troubles, it is suggested, are due to its passion for precision. Although it is in opposition and can know neither the full present facts nor what the situation will be in four years' time, it persists in proclaiming now every detail of what it will do if and when it becomes the government. This allows a predominantly hostile press to concentrate not on the actions of the government but on the proposals of the opposition. We have even reached the fantastic position that when the government commits a monumental blunder, costing £100 million, over Blue Streak, the Conservative press begins seriously to ask whether the leader of the opposition will resign. It is almost as though, after the groundnuts affair, the *Daily Herald* had called for the resignation of Sir Winston Churchill. In an effort to avoid this in the future more than one section of the party is ordering heady draughts of imprecision. Sir Thomas aims to supply it.

He may yet find an obstacle in the character of the leader of the party. Mr Hugh Gaitskell sometimes acts as though he were Tsar Nicholas the Second, albeit advised by five Rasputins instead of one, confident that he can ride any storm; or like a King Canute, who really believes the assertions of flattering courtiers that he has only to say the word and the tide will cease to flow. Further, his highly trained mind and the promptings of his political honesty lead him inexorably towards exactness just as his courage impels him to ram a stone wall with his head instead of walking round it. The impression one still gets is that Gaitskell on defence is still determined to make no compromise with the 'pacifists, neutralists, unilateralists and anti-leadership groups' who now comprise about half his party, and that he will reaffirm and amplify the Labour leadership's addiction to nuclear weapons and will press for a communal rocket, devised, built and controlled by the European members of Nato.

Such a policy, wholly unacceptable to the unilateralists and likely to arouse additional opposition from those who, though not unilateralists, are unhappy even at the idea of Germany joining in the manufacture of a water pistol, might well be acceptable to a majority at least of the Parliamentary Labour Party. But even those who would accept or tolerate such a policy are not anxious to have a stand up row about it. Be vague, Hugh, and let Mr Michael Foot divert his attentions to Plymouth Argyle . . . then, when the moment is ripe, we can get together in some convenient basement with Herr Strauss and General de Gaulle. Such is the advice which the leader is beginning to receive.

Despite this week's open meeting of the defence group nothing much is likely to emerge from all this for some time. The TUC will not be ready to have joint discussions for at least a month and, judging by this week's manœuvrings, it will take the Labour Party at least that time to decide who shall represent it in these talks. Shall there just be members of the National Executive? Or shall there be some direct representatives of the Parliamentary Labour Party? How, anyway, can we keep that fellow Harold Wilson out of it? In the meantime, more and more unions are likely to be joining the unilateralists, urged on with almost equal force by Mr Michael Foot and Captain Powers.

If, therefore, when the time for Conference arrives, a dramatic clash-cum-split is to be avoided, the leadership will have to produce something which looks like a change of policy but which is imprecise enough to be acceptable to those who, out of party loyalty, are always eager to give the leadership the benefit of the doubt. Sir Thomas has made the first shuffle towards this.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Defence After Blue Streak

THE announcement of the end of Blue Streak showed that the Macmillan-Sandys defence policy is in ruins. But, in terms of party politics, whereas this was merely a nasty knock for the government, it was a knock-out for the shadow defence ministers. Instead of being able to lambast the Cabinet for the biggest military fiasco since Suez, the Labour Party has been plunged into a crisis which could threaten its very existence. Why?

Some people are seeking to put the blame for the ever widening split on the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, or even on those trade union leaders who are unable to hold their conferences loyal to the official Labour Party line. What they fail to see is that the mounting wave of nuclear pacifism is largely the result of growing disillusionment among Labour Party supporters. A very large number of rank-and-filers were suspicious and uneasy when Clem Attlee first persuaded the Opposition to support the British H-bomb. After 1957 these suspicions developed into active hostility, while they watched the British nuclear strategy to which their leaders had committed them revealing itself as a grandiose and expensive fraud. Labour's crisis has far less to do with the frustrations and emotions of the rank-and-file than with the actions of those who pledged Labour's support to the Macmillan-Sandys master-plan for (a) restoring Britain's military greatness, (b) getting rid of conscription, and (c) running defence on the cheap by (d) substituting 'streamlined atomic forces' for conventional strength.

Of course, the missiles and nuclear weapons which were to replace our conventional firepower did not exist when this strategy was adopted; and very few of them exist even today. To call the Macmillan-Sandys plan, therefore, a 'calculated risk', is a misnomer: it was a long-odds gamble, which was bound to end, as it did, in the abandonment of Blue Streak. Nevertheless, when this was first announced, the public swallowed it. How can the man in the street be blamed if he accepts the word of a Tory government – backed by the official Opposition – that it is possible to slash the defence bill and get rid of conscription, while making our forces more efficient?

The fact that the Macmillan-Sandys plan was popular, however, does not excuse the Opposition from eagerly accepting its main features and only criticising it in detail. In British politics the best way for an Opposition to win respect is to attack a phoney policy, however popular, and then be proved right by the facts. Suppose that, instead of accepting without demur the government's assurance that we could safely get rid of conscription by creating 'atomic streamlined forces' and making good the loss of conventional firepower by reliance on atomic tactical weapons, our spokesmen had denounced the swindle and predicted that we should end up with no effective conventional forces and no nuclear deterrent. Suppose that, when challenged to state our alternative, we had said that we should abandon the attempt to remain the third nuclear power, concentrate on our conventional forces and seek to persuade our European neighbours to do the same. Suppose, finally, that when the government asked how we would get the extra manpower required for conventional forces, we had had the courage to say that we would rather see selective service than permit this country to be unable to defend itself, even in a minor war, without recourse to nuclear weapons. At first, when the Sandys defence policy seemed to be working, we should have been unpopular, ridiculed by the right as Little Englanders and detested by the left for our attitude to National Service. But these jeers and taunts would only have increased the respect we would finally have earned this spring, when our prediction that the Sandys policy must end in disaster had been proved right.

The moral of this story is that we cannot afford any longer, as a party, to have a defence policy that disregards military facts and fosters delusions of grandeur in order to win public support. The best way to regain and retain our self-respect and the respect of the public is to state the truths about the military state of this country in the 1960s, and draw the practical conclusions. Here is the situation as we see it.

Nuclear Weapons. The chances of Britain successfully developing her own deterrent can be judged by looking at the US 1961 Defence Budget. This totals £14,500m., of which £1,893m. is allocated to missiles alone – as compared with our total defence budget of £1,630m. The main reasons for this vast expenditure is that the Americans always develop a number of projects simultaneously, in the certainty that most of them will fail. Since we can only afford to develop one weapon, failure is certain. It was not wrong to try out the possibility of a British nuclear weapon in 1955, but it was a long-odds gamble to stake everything on Blue Streak in 1957. This gamble became utterly reckless in 1958 and a national disgrace in 1959, as the government continued to spend money and to allocate scarce skills and materials to a project they knew had failed. With Blue Streak written off, the future is clear. As soon as the obsolescence of the V-bombers can no longer be denied, we shall be deprived of even the pretence of being an independent nuclear power.

On the other hand, as Mr Aubrey Jones, the ex-Minister of Supply, has reminded us, the abandonment of all military nuclear development will impoverish industry in a free-enterprise society, where sufficient money can only be devoted to research and its technological application through defence policies. One of the problems which has to be faced is how research and technology can be financed if the British nuclear deterrent is abandoned.

Conventional Forces. The end of National Service and the costly attempt to obtain sufficient Regulars for the Army by improved pay and conditions will mean that manpower for our conventional forces will almost certainly fall by the end of 1962 below the figure of 182,000 which Mr Soames has been driven to name as the absolute minimum. The result will be that even a secondary crisis – trouble, for instance, in Cyprus, the Persian Gulf or Aden, or a recurrence of Mau Mau – will require mobilisation in order to provide reinforcements. To meet this situation the Minister of Defence is now preparing to revise the Reserve Forces Act in order to bring his mobilisation plans up to date – at least on paper.

Equipment. As the Director of Ammunition and Stores at the War Office observed just over a year ago, 'In relation to its small size and large commitments, the British Army must be one of the worst equipped in the world.' After Suez, General Keightley admitted that there was a shortage of tank-landing ships and aircraft. Moreover, we had to go into action with an American anti-tank weapon supplied to us for NATO purposes. Similar deficiencies were revealed during the Jordan operation in 1957. If today we undertook operations on the scale of Suez, our equipment deficiencies would be shown to be even greater than they were in 1956.

Here, then, are our practical conclusions:

(1) We have now learnt by bitter and wasteful experience that we are not and never can become an independent nuclear power. We should therefore announce our decision that in future we should leave to the Americans the provision of the western nuclear deterrent – tactical as well as strategic.

(2) We should urge our European neighbours to do the same. But we should make it clear that, whatever the French may decide, we shall make our British contribution to western defence exclusively in conventional terms. All the scientific manpower and resources now concentrated on nuclear weapon development should be retained by the state and used for scientific and technological assistance to British industry.

(3) We should urge a non-nuclear strategy for NATO. Under this, all NATO forces, including the American divisions in Europe, would be armed and trained for conventional warfare; and American overseas bases would be wound up as soon as practicable.

(4) We should propose to the Russians an agreement under which no German, in West or East Germany, shall ever be equipped with or trained in the use of nuclear weapons. This agreement should be regarded as the first step towards a more ambitious disarmament agreement, including a ban on nuclear weapons throughout Europe.

(5) Even after we have abandoned the illusions of nuclear strategy, we shall still face difficult practical problems. It is wishful thinking, for example, to assume that without nuclear weapons we shall be able to have defence on the cheap. The re-equipment of our forces with conventional weapons will absorb much of the financial saving obtained by abandoning the independent British deterrent.

(6) Shortage of manpower will face us with a difficult decision about our commitments. In addition to our contribution to NATO we still have military responsibilities in the Mediterranean, Arabia, Malaya, Hongkong – not to mention Africa. For some years at least, these commitments cannot be met with the number of soldiers we shall raise by voluntary recruitment. Either the commitments must be cut back ruthlessly or some form of selective service will have to be considered.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN
GEORGE WIGG

NEXT WEEK

London's New Gangsters
by C. H. ROLPH

Heading for the Mental
by CLAUD COCKBURN

Edmund Wilson & the Redskins
by V. S. PRITCHETT

Inside South Africa

TODAY, as always, tyranny is tempered by inefficiency in South Africa. And today, under the state of emergency as under previous waves of intimidation and police terror, governmental action produces some hysterically humorous situations. As, for instance, the treason trial accused filed out of the adjourned court at the beginning of the emergency, Wilton Mkwayi was momentarily separated from his fellows. Turning to look for them, he found them surrounded by police. Wilton rushed up and demanded to know what was happening, only to be ordered, in the crudest language, to push off. When he persisted, he was told that all the treason trial accused were being arrested under the state of emergency, and promptly demanded to be arrested as well – 'I'm one of the accused'. He was again told, in even more violent language, to push off. He did. So effectively, in fact, that two weeks later the political police detectives and informers had failed to trace him, and a warrant had to be issued for his arrest.

Then there was the printed copy of the proclamation, establishing the state of emergency, which had to be flown from Cape Town to Pretoria by the government in order to defeat *habeas corpus* applications alleging illegal arrest by several whites seized without warrant in the first wave of raids. The court was repeatedly adjourned to enable the crown to produce this proclamation, which, when it finally arrived, proved to be the wrong one – it related to some local government matter. Mr Justice Ludorf thereupon granted the *habeas corpus* applications and several of those temporarily released in this way are today in the British Protectorates or in Britain itself. Such incidents could be multiplied. They do not lessen the extreme gravity of the situation, but they usefully correct the picture of an efficient Teutonic jackboot state. The jackboot is there, but it often misses its kick.

Nor has the government succeeded in terrorising its serious opposition, black and white. I met no one of either colour who was afraid to mention the names of the detainees, though, until the recent publication of the names, one was courting five years imprisonment and a £500 fine by doing so. On the contrary – home-made lists of detainees were eagerly compared.

It is, of course, true that a large number of whites mildly critical of the government have been frightened, but intimidation becomes less effective as the individual is more fully committed to the anti-Nationalist cause. As in the early days of the treason trial, the crisis has increased the number of whites who are seriously committed – though the number is still relatively small. A Defence and Aid Fund has been started, and many of its active workers and financial supporters have been such new recruits.

The same people have rallied to help the families, and especially the children, of the detainees. There are today hundreds of children, of all races, deprived of at least one parent in South Africa, and several dozen who have had both parents taken by the political police at 2 a.m. Relatives and friends, and sometimes near strangers, have come forward as a matter of course to look after many of these children, but there are others, especially amongst the enormous number of detained Africans, who have not been reached. Under the prison regulations children under 16 are not permitted to visit their parents, and it is not surprising that at least one group of white women are threatening a hunger strike in protest against this separation.

Not that the detainees have allowed the greyness of imprisonment to dominate them. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has been staged by the whites in Johannesburg's Fort prison, where improvised sport and lecture courses have also been organised. But with the state imposing its colour bar even behind bars, the non-white prisoners are less well off. The Moslems amongst the Johannesburg Indians staged a hunger strike in an attempt to obtain religiously acceptable food, and grim stories seep out of conditions in overcrowded African cells. The Africans, too, have most reason to worry about the hunger which, with the breadwinners' imprisonment, threatens their families. And yet, in the immediate sense, the morale of both the detainees and of their dependants remains unbroken. Previously committed radicals and liberals remain largely unintimidated.

Meanwhile, outside of the jails and the detainees' homes, 'normalcy' is said to reign. The majority of the white population determinedly carries on business and pleasure as usual; the Africans are back at work, and no casual visitor to the larger centres would guess from a taxi window that a state of emergency existed. But on the non-white political front it is a far cry from normalcy. Despite its bungling and fiascos, the government has now succeeded in smashing the African National Congress organisation, which at the best of times left much to be desired. The even more tenuous Pan Africanist organisation has also been broken. A pretty clean sweep has been made of Indian and Coloured leadership, and the non-white trade unions' militancy has been blunted by hesitant leadership and by monumentally mistimed attempts at general political strikes. South Africa's non-whites are today without an even moderately effective internal leadership, though only the ANC and the PAC have so far been proscribed. And those few leaders of either Congress who remain out of jail are persevering in the old mutual hostilities and tactical blunders. For the moment, the government is having things its own way. It cannot, of course, but be concerned by the economic repercussions of the emergency, but it refuses to be deterred by them.

It is officially admitted that the country's gold reserves have fallen by over 10 per cent since the emergency began; that the immediate cost of maintaining the called-up reserve troops is over £50,000 a day, that the paper loss on the stock exchange now exceeds £400 million. The cost of Cape Town's 17-day African strike and the other shorter strikes elsewhere has clearly been enormous. And, surpassing all else in long-term significance, is the undermining of overseas confidence in the stability of the South African economy. Barring an increase in the gold price or the removal of the present political blocks preventing the exploitation of the internal African consumer market, the South African economy is now firmly launched on a decline. The vital inflow of overseas capital had already slowed to a mere trickle before Sharpeville, and the real national income *per capita* has continued the gentle fall which began three years ago. The country's existing contracts for the sale of its high priced uranium oxide are unlikely to be renewed in a glutted world market when they expire in 1963, and 75 per cent of urban African families continue below even the subsistence line.

Much is heard now of the pressure which a very worried industrial and financial community is bringing on the government. In theory, non-Nationalist investment capital, which, with great British support, dominates the economy, could force a change of government within a week by a concerted shut down of major mining, industrial and commercial concerns. But, as in Hitler's Germany and Peron's Argentina, drastic action against the regime is not even being considered. Whilst the groups holding strictly economic power would welcome a change – and are even now viewing the Progressive Party with increasing favour – they have clearly decided that they must make the best of the existing bad job.

Industry and commerce would like to see the permanence of the urban African in the economy recognised and, aware of the yawning chasm between government and even moderately representative African leaders, they are even thinking of encouraging the establishment of controlled African trade unions. But, when the chips are down, as they have been since Sharpeville, the wielders of South Africa's economic power are not prepared for a showdown with the monopolists of white political power, from whom they are divorced. Hence they are now subscribing to the illusion of the 'moderate' Nationalist, and to the line that what is needed is a removal of the administrative 'pinpricks' which make their urban African labour force an easy target for 'agitators'.

Moderate Nationalists are customarily identified with the Cape, and there has long been wishful speculation of possible splits in the Nationalist Party. Certainly the hope of such a split is all that has kept the pseudo-opposition alive for the past twelve years. Now, since the beginning of the emergency and especially since the attempt to assassinate Dr Verwoerd, this hope has, through internal combustion, flared brightly in the English language press. Sir de Villiers Graaff, the United Party leader, has had his tongue hanging out so far in eagerness for coalition that he has been in danger of Cape Nationalist MPs wiping their feet on it as they enter the House.

There is, unfortunately for the United Party, no real reason for the Nationalists to split. They are in power, and enjoying its fruits, even if these are occasionally astringent. As for Dr Verwoerd, the attempt on his life has, in very real terms, strengthened his hold on Afrikanerdom, for its Calvinist belief in pre-destination has led to the conclusion that his miraculous escape marks him as divinely chosen to survive and hence to lead the *volk*.

It is, of course, significant that *Die Burger*, the Cape Nationalist daily, last month uttered a warning that the negative connotations of the word *apartheid* threatened to make South Africa 'the permanent skunk of the world'.

But *Die Burger's* answer is not to abandon *apartheid*, but to soften it and to hasten that rush into the never-never land of 'separate development' and Bantustans. This is the horse which industry, commerce and the English language press are backing as the best of a bad field. With the police now nakedly revealed as the army of occupation which they have always been to the Africans, most white South Africans have yet to admit that what they call 'pinpricks' are really bayonet jabs.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

(To be concluded)

London Diary

A SCIENTIFIC friend tells me not automatically to believe – as I'm now apt to do – everything our new necromancers say. Maybe they can destroy the world, and perhaps – so the story reaches me – hear what I am saying in the pub five miles away. But when the US Air Force claims that its *Samos* satellite will give them an 'inch by inch' coverage of the Soviet Union, they are boasting. If they really succeed in collecting and recording the vast amount of visual information needed to enable them to distinguish a launching pad from a paddock, they still have to get the information back to earth. Television won't do it; a satellite would not have enough electric power to transmit the details quickly enough to recording stations on the ground. So the American military space-planners try to recover satellites intact with their films. This has been the object of the *Discoverer* satellite programme; ten times they have tried and each time failed. Their other worry is that a reconnaissance satellite follows a precisely predictable path, so that it should not long be beyond the Russian capability to destroy it with an H-bomb rocket – an anti-satellite missile, I suppose they'll call it. *Our* worry is that all this high level spying may soon lead to a hot war in space.

* * *

Krushchev's character sketch of Francis Powers recalled a horrifying report in *Tonight* last week. Trevor Philpott had been observing life at the US Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs. It was not so much the ludicrous sitting-to-attention at meals and the primitive punisnments, like running scores of times across the barrack square, which seemed the most deplorable. The shocking thing was the relations between cadets. They are encouraged to spy on one another. Not to report a friend even suspected of some trivial offence is itself an offence courting expulsion. A nightmare world – all the worse for having no point in a modern air force. How does it all help a man, whose career may well be spent waiting on a missile site for something to happen? How, too, does it help a man placed in Francis Powers's situation? Not, it seems, to commit suicide in the approved espionage style either with his poisoned needle or his gun. The Colorado Springs philosophy scarcely helps a man when he is alone. Krushchev made great play with the greed of the modern American and his near-pornographic reading matter. I am not, of course, applauding espionage or the virtue of self-destruction in spies, but the Powers case does seem to confirm what Korea revealed: that American 'service morale' is not high. Suicide as an alternative to capture or even hostility to the enemy in captivity should, of course, be out-of-date virtues – as out-of-date as war itself. In any case they are alien to the American way of life. You can't get ahead when you are dead and getting ahead is what counts. So, in the Korean case, does comfort and wanting people to like you, even if you are told they are the enemy.

* * *

It may be a damned near thing, but I shouldn't wonder if our laws about homosexuality get revised before we are all blown to smithereens. After all, we no longer hang, draw and quarter people, we don't even hang them for stealing sheep, or birch children into unconsciousness for stealing an orange. The Tory ladies, who annually bay for more blood, do not go that far. Similarly we shall cease in time to send adult men to prison for 'acts of gross indecency' in the privacy of their own homes, while their sisters and cousins and aunts can do what they like. The Homosexual Law Reform Society keeps pegging away with facts. You will find them stated with an admirable clarity in a pamphlet called *Some Questions and Answers about Homosexuality* (1s, issued by the Albany Trust, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1). It deals seriously with each of the arguments in favour of the present law. Not one of them is rational. This is the perfect case of the 'civilised' being thwarted by the 'primitive'. It is a sign of the times that a bishop should be the principal speaker at their Caxton Hall meeting this week. It is true that the police have been more choosey since the Wolfenden Report, and that judges are in so much moral doubt on the matter that their sentences and *obiter dicta* flatly contradict each other. It is also an odd fact that in Scotland only 9 per cent of homosexual cases confess to the police on arrest, while in England the figure is 94 per cent. I sometimes think we should get reform more quickly if the Home Secretary were to tell the police to apply the utmost rigour of the law to homosexual cases. Then the magistrates, who would sometimes remember what happened to them at school, would find themselves compelled to sentence their sons, or rather the sons of their neighbours now at public schools or university. Since there are at a conservative estimate a million homosexual adults in this country, and the maximum gaol accommodation for all kinds of offenders is about 30,000, we shall need 30 times as many prison cells – even if we put all homosexuals three in a cell, where presumably they would be able to amuse themselves as they like.

* * *

The real hold of royalty is that it provides the best show. The vast concourse of people who slept on the Mall or stood hour after hour to catch a glimpse of the Princess, the procession and, afterwards, the decorations, proves again how people crave pageantry and communal fun. Discomfort is part of the fun. Better, for a change, than sleeping in the same old bed and spending the morning by the kitchen stove. Better, for many thousands, it seems than following the whole thing at their ease on TV. The commentators did not spoil the show, though one woman talked some terribly gooey stuff and Dimbleby varied his highly competent performance by a quite daft remark about the crowd being so great that it would have meant a riot in Eastern Europe – though Eastern Europe is the place where vast crowds are least likely to riot. The picture of the bride on the Duke's arm walking slowly up the aisle will long be remembered; her ordeal, I thought, was made tolerable by the Duke's complete relaxation; his whispered remarks actually made her smile. Even more remarkable was the self-possession of Mr Armstrong-Jones, who did really face a fantastic ordeal amongst all those royalties and titles and tiaras. Someone who knows him remarked to me that he is a rare bird to enter the Royal family because he knows quite a lot about art and nothing about horses. He certainly knows something about dress. I wish he had been able to choose the Queen's hat. His mother, Countess Rosse, looked about the best dressed woman in the Abbey and Princess Margaret's unadorned and exquisitely cut frocks were a triumph. It was because of this utter simplicity that she was always, as was right, the centre of the picture, Mr Armstrong-Jones, it seems to me, brings something new and interesting into a family whose artistic education stops at Sir Alfred Munnings.

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I wonder how much the fact that young people nowadays mature so much earlier has to do with the strike organised by the Clydeside apprentices? Some 35,000 apprentices have been out in Scotland, 25,000 in England. Thousands of adults have at one time or another in the past three weeks come out in their support. Neither unions nor management have paid any attention to the apprentices' wage claims over the past four years. Perhaps it sounded too much like the voice of the yob to them. The strike, though, has been conducted with all the adult paraphernalia. Spokesmen say 'no comment' with aplomb. Perhaps there is more drama than usual, with central committee men refusing to have their pictures taken and roaring up to meetings on motorbikes. But the point is that many of these apprentices are adult in every sense; some are married with families. A pay packet of £6 or so a week then becomes inadequate and, of course, they live in streets where friends in unskilled jobs, both male and female, earn a great deal more than they do. While they are on strike married apprentices will receive £3 a week from a strike fund to which adults have contributed. These young men are in earnest, as they have every right to be, and are not to be treated whimsically.

* * *

I have in front of me a short but preposterous correspondence. Jacquetta Hawkes wrote to Lady Reading, who is chairman of the Women's Voluntary Service For Civil Defence, asking her to receive a deputation of the Women's Committee of the CND. The proposed deputation included Dr Janet Aitken, a recent President of the Medical Women's International Association; Dr Antoinette Pirie and Dr Patricia Lindop of the Nuffield Research Unit at Barts, and a number of other persons who have made a special study of fall-out and the effects of nuclear bombing. They were prepared to show Lady Reading that the recent WVS One in Five talks, which were given to the WVS on Civil Defence, were highly unscientific and misleading. Most of the lecturers on Civil Defence seem totally to have lacked scientific background. Yet Lady Reading refused to receive this delegation on the superb grounds that the talks were 'based on information obtained from official sources'. On which Jacquetta Hawkes very properly comments that it was just because 'in our opinion the WVS is being directed through official sources to mislead the women of this country that we find the refusal to listen to informed non-official criticism exceedingly disquieting'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

'We have discussed whether or not we ought to take away your driving licence. But this is a very special day – and we have decided not to do so. I think you can thank Princess Margaret,' said Ald S. S. Wilson (in the chair) when convicting a defendant at Saffron Walden Magistrates

Court to-day. – *The Cambridge Daily News* (D. M. Simmonds.)

How refreshing it is to read the forthright views which have been expressed by the Bishop of Chichester on the exploitation of sex, and by Mr W. P. Watts on the control of dogs upon the highways. Both problems are indeed of great national importance and, whilst they have for long been most controversial generally, they have, equally so, been gravely neglected administratively. – Letter in *Sussex Express & County Herald*. (Mrs. E. B. Heathfield).

Actress, tired of trekking round agents, and finding the upkeep of stiletto heels ruinous, will take doggies for walkies in London: pedigrees exchanged. –Advt in *The Times*. (A. J. Eady.)

At the front of the crowd sat a little woman, grey hair half hidden by a head-scarf, but a hat-box on her knees. 'Got a new hat in here', she confided to neighbouring sitters. 'What's a wedding without a new hat. I'll put it on just before the procession passes.' – *London Evening News*. (James Shallcross.)

I should be extremely embarrassed if, at 10 o'clock one morning, I suddenly found myself in a bus sitting next to the Queen Mother. – Godfrey Winn in *Daily Express*. (William Walker.)

The Gandhi Way

I WAS not surprised to learn from *The Times* that Vinoba Bhave, Gandhi's most faithful disciple, is starting a new pilgrimage to persuade bandits in Uttar Pradesh and Madhya Pradesh to become honest men. It seemed to me, when I talked with him in March, that he had reached the end of a chapter. He has walked some 35,000 miles during the last nine years, and has persuaded many landowners to surrender some of their acres and 5,000 villages to pool their land and become cooperatives. Report has it that the conversion has often been temporary, and he admitted to me that he was no longer making headway.

An Indian friend, who came with me, made notes of his replies to my questions. We found him at a village only about 200 miles from Delhi. Like Gandhi, Bhave is a clever man and not the traditional type of the 'saint'. He has written able books on Hindu philosophy and its social implications; he is a linguist and an intellectual as well as a sadhu. A large crowd had collected round the school house which he had made his headquarters and a dozen or so disciples were squatting on the floor near him. A tape recorder was on the table, and he was talking quietly and authoritatively to individual journalists, politicians, and villagers who came to listen to his wisdom. When my turn came, he put his arm round my shoulders, and drew me down by his side. He had sent a message asking me to write down my questions. He pleads deafness, but, however that may be, the fact is that he can deal more quickly and precisely with carefully formulated questions. He answers in the manner of a teacher, not so much expecting argument as expounding a philosophy which you are to think about afterwards.

I asked him first how far he felt that 'gramdan' villages (that is, villages which have promised to hold their land in common) were significant contributions to India's economic problem and how far this was merely a symbolic or moral movement. He answered that it was both – provided that it had momentum. It would change the economic pattern of India, if it got going; otherwise, it would remain merely symbolic. Today, it seemed no longer to be making much progress. It lacked workers and he was concentrating on educating and training a body of them.

I asked whether the vast change which we both thought necessary in the structure of village life could be voluntarily carried out. He replied that 'you can't have an air-conditioned village', you had to have 'a two-pronged attack' to create gramdan villages and to foster the climate for them everywhere. As to state planning, he said, 'there is nothing in the world that is purely voluntary. An element of compulsion is always involved'. But the compulsion is social. 'The climate of Asia, not only India, is compelling us to decentralise our economy. Unless we have industries in the villages in addition to the meagre resources of the fields, our villagers will never prosper'. I asked him whether caste was an obstacle. He made the depressing reply, which I have heard confirmed elsewhere, that the popular vote, so far from destroying caste, has actually strengthened its hold. 'A new emphasis is given to caste by the electoral system'. I asked him about the future of the villages where his teaching had been accepted. Did 'cooperation' rule out all private holdings in land or mean that the joint produce of the village should be divided between the landed and the landless, or was it just a matter of joint marketing? His answer was revealing. 'He was not', he said, 'dogmatic about the economic planning of a gramdan village. Just as air and water are free for everyone, so land should be free. No one should own the land. If that is admitted, you can have any pattern which the villagers choose. It is for them to decide'. It is, I think, because he has been content with this general acceptance of his doctrine and not left behind him trained organisers to give it effect that many gramdan villages have relapsed from grace.

He rejected the extreme view that India can do without mechanical power. But, he said, 'we have a bullock economy. People here do not eat beef, and bullocks have to be given special protection. That means we have to use them rather than tractors to reclaim our land. No part of India to my mind is suitable for tractor cultivation.' He sidestepped the population problem. Population, he said, was a world problem to be thought of in world terms. He was 'not in love with family-planning', and thought the solution lay in utilising empty spaces everywhere. In Australia, for instance. No doubt I ought to have argued about the shipping problem and the feelings of Australians and theories of Malthus. But I refrained. I preferred rather to get him to explain whether he thought that cooperation was a sufficient motive for social progress. Had not competition a vital part to play? He replied: 'there cannot be two laws – one for the family, one for society. In a family, competition does not work. Why should the same law not work for the village. Why must we have two laws because we have entered the age of science? Progress is retarded by competition. Even in a competitive society, the State has to protect and feed the weak. Why should we call on the State to do this and not found the whole village community on love just as we do the family? There was nothing impracticable in a cooperative community. The weak and lazy had to be educated and induced to work, just as in the family. Competition creates frustration, love gives hope.' No competitive society was actually cruel enough to allow the weakest to go the wall. 'The necessity of love is admitted in any case.' His job was to persuade people to give it full scope.

In the evening, the village collected to hear him. There must have been two or three thousand men, women and children squatting on the ground when he arrived. He began to speak in Hindi. I noticed that one or two people near me, especially a Sikh who was in charge of the microphone, looked puzzled. The Sikh borrowed my pencil, wrote a note and passed it up to him. He waved it aside. I read the note, which ran: 'These people have come to hear your views about the economic changes you advocate and how you would carry them out'. In fact he told them nothing of the kind. He said that he was conscious that the village was not in a receptive mood. They were restless and undisciplined; they were not ready to receive his gospel. So he would not address them, but merely lead them in prayer. He did so, and the meeting broke up quietly, but disappointed and, I thought, rather resentful.

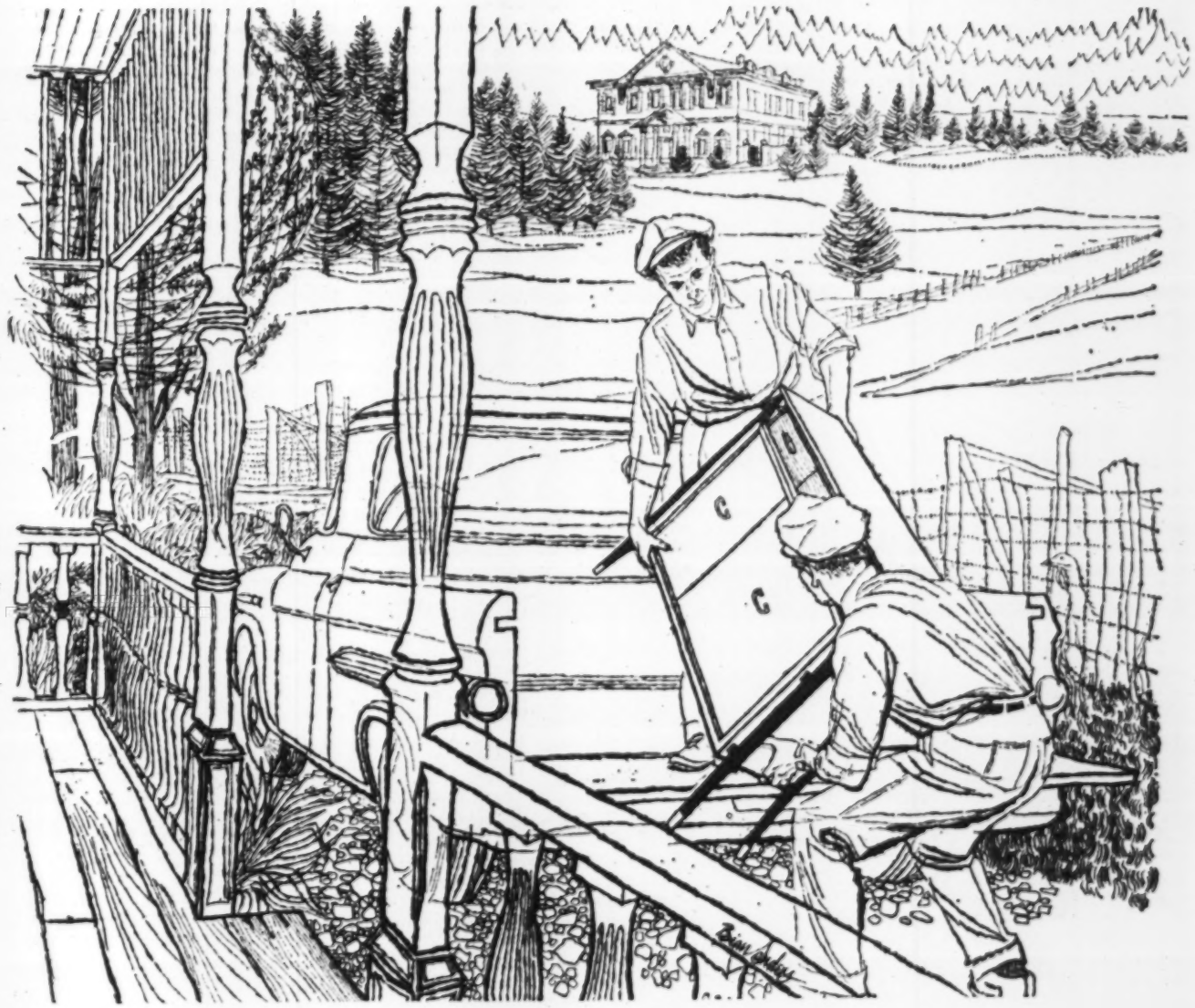
Afterwards people expressed surprise to me. The village was respectful wasn't it? Of course, there is always some restiveness where there are children. What did he expect? Perhaps the clue lay in the fact that Punjab villagers had not been willing to part with their land. It is one thing to persuade people to make gifts of land, and even to accept the cooperative idea, in areas of great poverty, where some have tiny holdings and others are still living on the labour of the landless. It is quite another to persuade the comparatively well-to-do and very independent farmers of the Punjab to abandon their traditional individualism. In short, the Punjab as a whole has rejected his philosophy. Now, it seems, he wishes to put it to an even more severe test. For who are as individualistic as bandits and criminals?

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Return to the Delta

SO, after four years, the slow train pulled up again at Mahalla al Kubra station. The one-eyed man was waiting for us again, his bristly peasant face broken by a great grin. He shook hands warmly, and gripped the huge shopping basket, while we did our week-end shopping in Mahalla; groceries, vegetables and fruit, and sweets to distribute to the village children. The one-eyed man, Radwan, who is head-man of the village on, as it were, the social side, took me firmly into the butcher's shop to choose the cut of meat from a gamoose leg; the poor little baby buffaloes were waiting outside to be slaughtered as soon as the meat stock in the shop was finished. Shop-keepers pretended to remember me. No, Mahalla hadn't changed much, though M tells me that the textile mills have put up new blocks of workers' flats and a canteen where, in practice, all the workers' families can get a good meal.

The farm road was no better. We were held up for a bit when our car lights picked out a group of men and a gush of water; someone was pumping water into his field across the earth road in a channel he had just dug. M said, shocked, that he was using water from the drainage canal; this is likely to have salts dissolved in it which will be bad for the irrigated field, though less so at this time of year than later. There was a ground fog too; I was beginning to smell the crops again, most of all the cut berseem, the heavy



New boarders in Carolina

AT CATAWBA IN SOUTH CAROLINA Bowaters are now completing a new hardboard mill—on the same site as their recently built 38 million dollar pulp mill. Scheduled to get under way in June, it will make 160 million square feet of hardboard a year—the fastest production cycle of any hardboard plant in the world. And that is not its only distinction.

NEW PRODUCTS

This hardboard mill marks the beginning of a new phase in Bowater activity in North America—diversification. In Europe, Bowaters have developed beyond the basic paper industry—into packaging, tissues, building boards, even drainpipes. Now the pattern takes shape in North America.

NEW MARKETS

It was not only the call of the woods that took Bowaters to Catawba. Surrounded by the raw material of the paper and board industry, Catawba is also close to the major furniture-producing centre of the United States. For them, a special board. For Bowaters, a steady market. For the economy of the South, benefit.

facts point to a buoyant future for

Bowaters

IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AND IN GREAT BRITAIN · CANADA · AUSTRALIA · NEW ZEALAND · SOUTH AFRICA · REPUBLIC OF IRELAND · NORWAY · SWEDEN · FRANCE · BELGIUM · ITALY

Egyptian clover. We turned in under the eucalyptus trees and there was Gamila, her brown face framed in black like a prioress, the gold beads at her neck.

The frogs croaked; there were little ticking sounds as the fog dropped off the eucalyptus leaves. Mursi, the other head-man, came in; he and Radwan, dignified in their long grey gowns, sat at the table, Radwan interminably chewing a bean; then the two night watchmen with their rifles and whistles came in and sat on the low seat. Gamila, Mursi's wife, mother of many, not all of them his (but then, he has another wife in Abousir) came in too, stood against the table and joined in the discussion. The two girls peeped and giggled from the doorway. Above the level of the lamp the high bare room was full of shadows.

With his extra University teaching and, for that matter, with a whole weight of family responsibility, M had not been down to the farm for some time. Now they had to talk to him, as they could never, I think, have talked to the older generation who did not go in much for social conscience. The talk went on and on; sleepy from rice and meat and beans, I listened, occasionally hearing the word for school. That was it. Abousir was four miles away over rough paths; only eight boys went to school from the village, several of those to the Koranic school. But there were some 60 to 80 children of school age in the village. What was to be done?

Four years ago there were only two boys going to school, and no talk of a school in the village. But the winds of change blow. Here, though, I must make it clear that this is a small estate village, some 500 people, originally all land-workers in tied houses – if one can think of these single-storey, two room mud caves where family and animals bed down together, as houses. In Egypt a community of 7-8,000 is called a village, and would have started, not as part of an estate, but as a group of families. In a matter of four or five millenia, one mud house built on the ruins of the last, they have grown to town-size, though they are administratively villages and barely appear on a large scale map.

What else had changed? In the morning I leant over the balustrade, more wobbly now, but the wasps were eating it like mad. Yes, there was a lot of wasp-comb about, but the hornets weren't there, one change to the good, though, as a matter of fact, nobody but me worries about hornets and nobody gets stung. The young casuarina tree had towered up, the old lemons were away. In the night there had been owl cries and one went to sleep to the chirping of the crickets. Now there was the twitter of hundreds of small, almost invisible birds running through the eucalyptus leaves, then a pair of doves shaded rose and blue. The fog was lifting and along all the paths between the crops people going out to work, children driving a cow or a big grey gamoose, donkeys carrying wooden plough beams, since nobody would dream of leaving anything so valuable out in the fields, a flock of brown sheep driven out to nibble the last bit of green before the ploughing. Beyond all, the wonderful eye-swinging Egyptian horizon, the same all round so that one is suddenly aware that one is perched on the surface of a great ball.

We go out with Mursi, nibbling beans and looking at the beautiful shooting wheat. I say that last time there was water in that dry ditch; he says yes, but you were here a week later in the season. Suez might never have happened.

We decide to go to Abousir, perched on its low clay hill four miles away, with who knows what temples of Osiris buried under its village streets, and see the schoolmaster. Remembering how often I fell off my donkey last time when I rode there, I say no, we will walk. The cotton land is being prepared, two yokes of good-looking bulls taking the ploughs easily and fairly fast; I keep wondering if this splendid soil would not do better with simple discing. Soon we get off our own land; here are some of the very small holdings made out of a big estate in the land reform days; they look well-cultivated to me, but Mursi, the old feudalist, disapproves. We come to the orange groves, the granite pillars of long ago still lying beside the road. Then over the railway there is the new Social Unit, which, when I was here last, was only half built.

There are over 400 children at this school, and there is at least one other, equally recent. The children look healthy, cheerful and reasonably clean, and all wear white pinafores. The headmaster is friendly, the girl teachers gentle and competent, obviously with modern ideas and methods. M and the headmaster discuss our school project, Mursi joining in. It looks as if it could be done without too much red tape; other main schools have feeder schools like this in the outlying villages.

We go on to look at the free medical unit and the agricultural unit with its magnificent stud gamoose looking like a piece of grey ancient landscape. Rhode Island-New Hampshire crosses will put up the size of eggs and quality of eating birds; fertilised eggs are one and a half piastres each, about 4d, 2-day chicks 3 piastres, and there is a waiting list. Rabbits for breeding are eight shillings each; I doubt if there used to be so much money among potential rabbit and chicken breeders. The rabbit hutches are all on legs, because of rats and stoats, just as bee-hives here are set in pools of water because of the mice; but there is a cheaper form, built up on dry mud bases, specially designed for peasant owners.

All this is run by the Ministry of Municipal and Rural Affairs and I felt they were doing a good job. The young man in charge was an enthusiast and started M thinking in terms of an experimental rabbit and poultry unit at the village. He was somewhat worried when we got back and Gamila said that he would never find a man to look after poultry. That was a woman's job! 'It was exactly the same in South Uist', I said, 'the men wouldn't look at it at first. They had to be shown that it wasn't just swapping eggs for groceries with the vans, but a real business with money in it.'

The village has spread a little. I think there are more shoes, and every pair of shoes in Egypt means less bilharzia. There are more oil lamps too. Lamp oil and sugar, two things which even the poorest want to buy, are rationed in the sense that everyone can buy at a reduced rate to the amount of his ration card; after that the price about doubles. But I am quite sure there is more money.

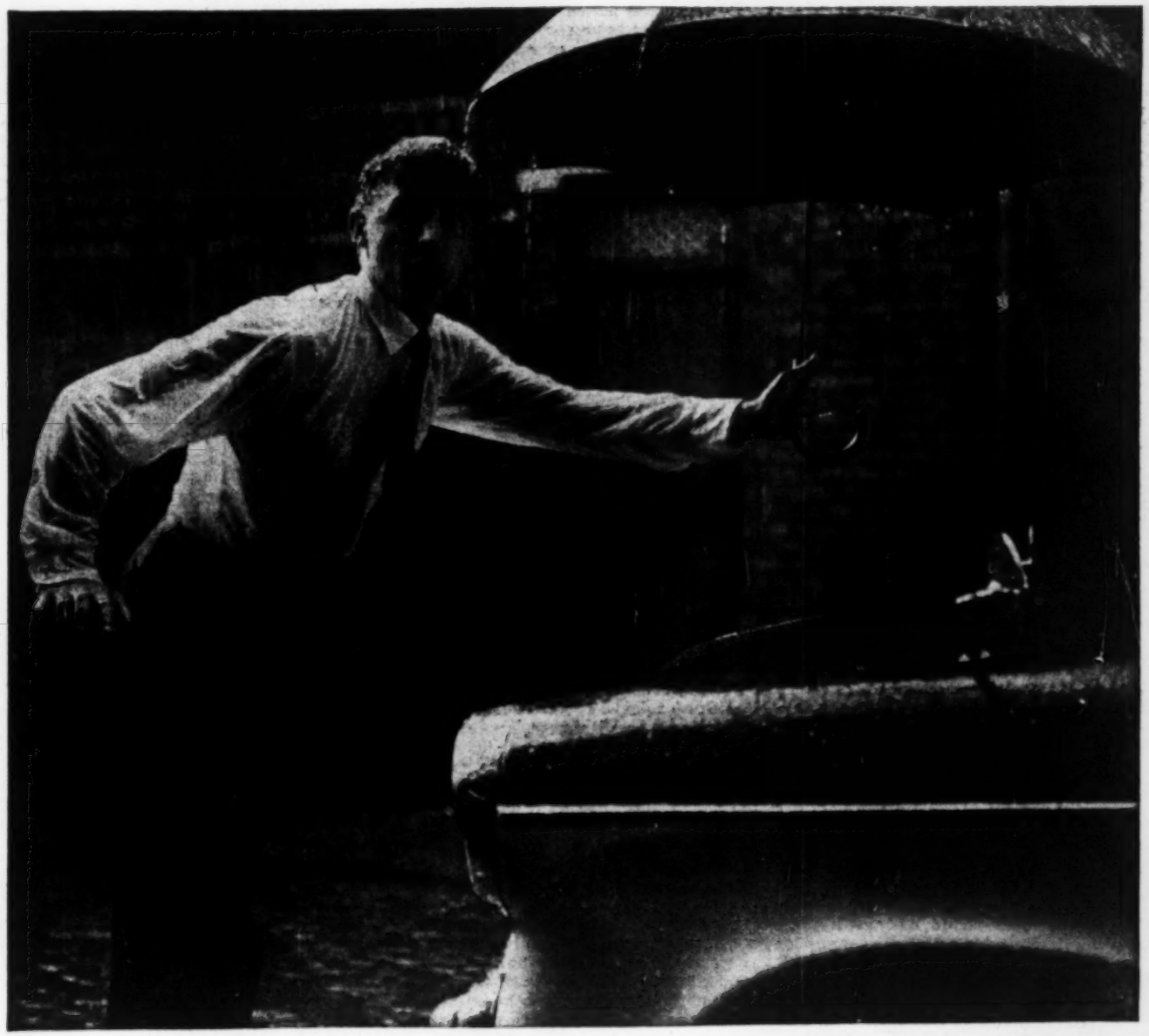
M asks for a meeting of village representatives that evening to discuss the school. The man who is running for Mayor has even promised a proper road to Abousir! The two headmasters think that the building we suggest, an old house, will do after certain alterations have been made. If it is given free for two years the government will then start paying rent and will do alterations and additions themselves. Some £30 will cover the latrines and new paint and distemper. But when 15 villagers turn up, mostly the elders, they say firmly that the Mosque must be repaired first; it is the House of God. They themselves will contribute a third of the total cost, about £45. Some of them are a bit cynical about anything happening; the farm being a joint concern, they are well aware that some of the owners are not interested. Yet the mere fact that there has been a stir somewhere – that, for instance, the Social Unit did actually get built – helps them to think that there are new possibilities. If they contribute a share and the Mosque really gets repaired, then they will contribute to the school and it will be, in an intimate way, their own school.

I feel surprised that there is no village council, no *panchayet*. The Egyptian villager is not as hungry as the Indian villager, but spiritually and socially he has been more ground down. In the big National Union structure consultative councils will be elected for the villages, which in turn elect a higher council from which, in time, something like a parliament will be elected. But this structure, admirable as it is in intention, is from without, not indigenous, and has not been going long enough for real results. Yet the mere fact that our village has voted may have helped to change its outlook.

The ploughing of the cotton ground is finished; the green wheat must be irrigated. But the pump is not working and though some of the men know how to put on the belt from the tractor, they seem to have no idea of the principle of the pump. However it is clear that there are some screws missing; M sends someone off on a bicycle to get more. And suddenly, after dark, it is working! No overtime, just a little wood fire, a man lying beside it, and the magic gush of water doing in minutes what would take hours with the sakia and the slow turning gamoose. On our way back we almost run into an immensely looming camel, his rider high up against the stars. And across the fields the creaking of the sakias and the blindfolded cows and buffaloes treading steadily round, in dark as in day.

The next morning, I look back at the village. What about the future when the children who are now taking out the beasts to pasture are in school? It will be 20 years before they are really influencing things. Probably more of them will go and work in Mahalla, especially if Egyptian policy turns to raising the internal standard of living and consumer demand, and more factories go up. This will coincide with more implements on the land and less mattock work. Perhaps those ones will leave the mud huts of the village, the clay-capped rice stores, the animals housed with the family, sometimes better treated because more useful, for the workers' flats, small but with water and light. In the Cairo Exhibition I saw a rural worker's model house for £400. But in the village there are 50 families to be rehoused, and plenty of these are three-generation families. Apart from a few experimental houses the government has not attacked the rural housing problem; for the moment it is just too big. If it was done by private landlords – and only those with big incomes from other sources could touch it – they would have to persuade people to pay rent, and that wouldn't be easy. Not yet.

These children will wear cotton pinafores and when they grow up, the girls will probably try to wear short cotton dresses, even if there is pressure on them to go into black veils. The boys will wear shorts and cotton coats. The present peasant dress is handsome and, if you take off your *galabeyah*, quite practical. The waist-coats in silky cotton are delightful, but alas, they carry the mark of a despised class, of the peasants who have been bottom dogs for so many centuries. They will have to go.



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AP 437

The new generation won't have the natural dignity of men like Mursi. But that, I'm afraid, is as little viable as the Highland Way of Life. They may have chips on their shoulders; probably they ought to have. They will join political parties; I hope they will read agricultural papers as well as political ones, for I think there is a certain conservatism among those who work this splendid land! The girls will get hygiene and mothercraft and some of them will rebel against the conditions they live in. They will think it undignified to let their children scramble for sweets and they will forget the old stories. Above all they will want to raise their standard of living, to raise it to a point where ordinary honesty is practicable. If this has not come in 20 years they may think that nationalism is not enough. They may hate M and his successors, though not necessarily; that will depend on the kind of co-operation that is possible – whether, in fact, real brotherhood can be achieved between University graduates and the newly educated in the Egyptian country.

NAOMI MITCHISON

National Scar

I HAD an uncle who had to be discouraged from showing reluctant acquaintances an operation scar across his abdomen. I believe people do this less now than they did, and that it is because the proportion of patients who do not have to be buried after their operations is now so large that a hospital scar confers little more status than an OBE. I remember appreciating that only a few people might want to see my uncle's scar, but in those days (and I knew this, too) it was almost unendurable to have one that you couldn't show. Every Edwardian novel had a character whose old wound was troubling him, though he usually got his in the Boer War or the Boxer Rebellion. I wanted one.

I've got it. The National Health Service have supplied it free, which is to say that I have paid hardly more than £400 for it in stamps over the past fourteen years. As wiser people would have known, now that it is here I take little real pride in it, but its acquisition has widened my experience, which was small, of nurses, surgeons, anaesthetists, hospital food, the things that can happen to the helpless, trusting, and simple, how very much the nursing sisters know and how much they have still to learn.

Take this last item first. There is a thing called pre-operation syncope. There is no treatment for it, no cure, not even diagnosis, and it was un-named until my own case occurred and I named it in order to be able to study it (no one can study a disease until it has a name: a less modest worker would have called it Rolph's Disease). One of its causes is being swung by two nurses, using a blanket as a kind of hammock, from a bed on to a high trolley, dressed (I wonder why?) in someone else's pyjamas, thirty-five minutes before the surgeon arrives to do you. In that horizontal thirty-five minutes, bereft of a pillow and realising that corpses do not have pillows, screened from the vulgar and deserted by the nurses, I relived one life and laid some sketchy foundations for the next. Had I arranged everything? Would I be remembered? Beyond the grave, or urn, did one's atoms fuse with others to form unidentified flying objects, did one's mind take its seat somewhere among the eternal, universal consciousness, was there a long queue of the unborn, lengthening and muttering as the Family Planning Association tightened its grip? The current surgical stories passed through my mind ('That seems to be that, gentlemen, unless indeed there is some small thing I could do as an encore?'; 'Mr Anaesthetist, if the patient can manage to keep awake, it is surely not asking too much that you should do the same').

At last they came and wheeled me into a snow-white little power station occupied by the Ku Klux Klan in uniform. One gentle female voice which said 'Let me have your left arm, and just relax' was followed by another saying 'Your wife has been on the phone'. It was in the seven hours between those two remarks that I acquired the scar.

I had been told that a Health Service patient cannot hope to read or write in hospital. Readers and writers needed 'amenity beds'. But within a day I was sitting up and reading Frank O'Connor's study of the modern novel, *The Mirror in the Roadway*, and beginning to feel that this life, after all, was good enough for however long it might take to read whatever else this beguiling man has written. The next day I read Sir Stanley Unwin's unputdownable *Truth About a Publisher*, and as my comrades snored that night I lay reflecting on the many-sidedness of truth. The day after that I read Hugh Klare's remarkable *Anatomy of Prison* with an enjoyment sullied only by the jealous realisation that I couldn't have written it myself, and turned then to a treat long and deliberately deferred, Barbara Wootton's *Social Science and Social Pathology*, a monumental work (it should, I think, have come out in three separate volumes, for then it might have been tackled by some of the people whose education is such a desperate social necessity) which proves three things I earnestly wanted proved. First, that the concept of criminality as a 'thing in itself' is rooted in the righteousness of people ranging themselves on the side of the Establishment; secondly, that the 'maternal deprivation' hypothesis in criminology is due to a desire to see women 'back where they belong'; and thirdly, that the ordinary thief's attitude to the law is the same as the motorist's.

So a National Health patient in a general ward *can* read if he wants to badly enough. I admit that I was in a village hospital, that my ward contained only four beds, and that for most of the time my only companions were a schoolboy of thirteen and a retired coachman of 89 who has been bedridden for the past five years. The old man slept most of the time, and I kept the boy quiet at the material times by setting him sums, English, and 'general knowledge' papers on the basis that he got a penny for every point scored and paid me back a halfpenny for each error or omission. He got about 1s 6d a day, and I will concede that to this extent I did pay for an amenity ward.

Throughout an un-nursed life I've been sentimental about nurses, seeing them as angels of pity and comfort and always giving them my seat in trains. I think now that I have been right about most of them. But some are diminished by the enjoyment of bossy authority, some throw off a good deal of their kindness with their squeamishness, and some quarrel too openly and pettily in front of the patients, usually about infringements of territory. All of them have sycophantic convulsions when the doctors are around (which the doctors contemplate too placidly); and all of them are slaves to routine, which begins at 5.30 a.m. with a cup of tea. I can take a cup of tea at any hour of day or night, was always watching the door for its appearance at 5.30, and could have kissed the nurse who brought it (she got me a second cup sometimes); but why in God's name do they wake tired invalids at that hour to give it them, and keep on waking them up to drink it before it gets cold? Once the tea had come, you see, nothing further happened for an hour and a half. I think I shall try to bring to the forefront of my recollection, and keep it there, the extraordinary kindness of those nurses to me; for I know it was only solicitude that made one of them sit me up every time she rustled by, and that made another one lay me down, the first because of some post-anaesthesia state that could lead to pneumonia unless I sat up, the second because there was undue strain on the wound unless I lay down. Those two had me up and down like a jack-in-the-box while they were on duty together, but they are a pair of popsies and I would go on doing it now if I thought it would make them happy.

At 10.30 on the first Sunday there was a sobering event which, I suppose, happens only to National Health patients. The ward door opened and nine severely dressed, rather small people came in, the last two gravely carrying a harmonium. They arranged themselves in a semi-circle and sang a hymn I had never heard, going on for a long time. A homely, non-clerical man then prayed for our recovery, the government and the United Nations; there was more singing and a benediction; and then they all filed out, the harmonium going last. They were unannounced, and no-one said anything about them when they had gone. We were all a bit thoughtful, I believe. The occurrence had a faintly prophetic flavour. 'Disease', wrote Samuel Johnson, 'generally begins that equality which death completes.' But we were all, at that stage, getting better, or thought we were. Now we felt a bit worse. They could hardly have been out of the building when I found myself reading a Great Thought attributed by one of the Sunday papers to Abraham Lincoln: 'Serving God is doing good to man, but praying is thought an easier service and therefore more generally chosen'.

Since I came out I have been reading that the Department of Nutrition of the London School of Hygiene, having done a pilot study of hospital meals in West Cornwall and found them seriously deficient in nutritive value, is starting a national survey on the same lines. The Cornish meals were unbalanced: a surfeit of poor quality food produced a 'calorific satiety' which had the result that half the meals were left on the plates. The meals described are remarkably similar to the ones I had: 'the customary three main meals – morning, midday, and evening – early morning tea, mid-morning drink, afternoon tea and bed-time drink'. The Report urges that 'hospital kitchens should be done away with and replaced by central kitchens, each of which could serve a large number of hospitals'. This kind of thing is well done nowadays, and the meals can be piping hot when you get them; but I am bound to record that all our plates in Ward II were spotless when they were taken from us, and that when I sent down to the chef an arrogant demand for Christmas pudding he came up himself, a very young man in a chef's hat and white coat, offered me a large piece (although it was mid-March), and wanted to know if he was to make brandy sauce.

I hope I have not conveyed the impression that I thoroughly enjoyed acquiring my scar, because (if the truth must be told) I did.

C. H. ROLPH

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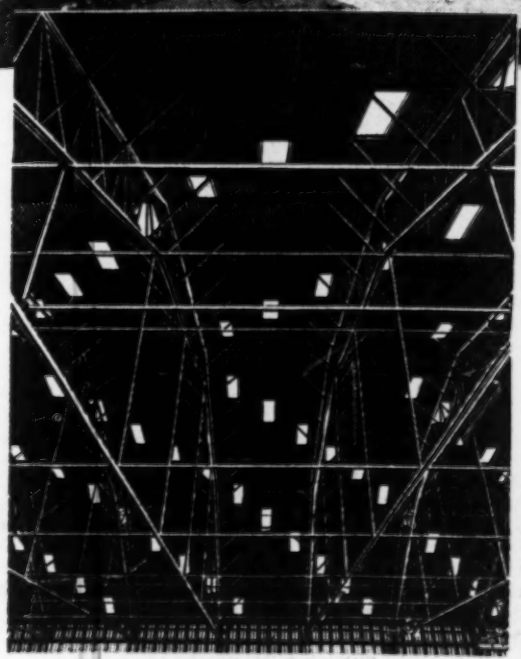

View of roof steelwork illustrating the light, open structure achieved by tubular engineering.

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To speed the flow of sea-borne cargoes, the Port of London Authority has built for United States Lines the largest transit shed in Great Britain—No. 4 Berth, Royal Victoria Docks—which was opened by His Excellency the American Ambassador last month.

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The building was designed and constructed under the direction of Mr. G. A. Wilson, M.Eng., M.I.C.E., M.I.Mech.E., Chief Engineer of the Port of London Authority.

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The Arts and Entertainment

Where Angels Fear to Tread?

Dear John Berger,

What an interesting proposition you put forward in your articles in the NEW STATESMAN on 20 and 27 February. How plausibly you argue that '. . . painting can in its own way reflect more directly than any other art the principal conclusions of the current scientific view of the physical universe,' and how persuasively you illustrate your thesis by reference to the versions of *Las Meninas* by Velasquez and by Picasso. But who is going to prove this theory of the aesthetic justification of modern art – the artists and aesthetes who know no physics, or the physicists who know nothing about painting? 'Only Connect' . . . yes, indeed, but can you find a single mind where the two realms overlap and can click together? The well known correlation between mathematics and music only emphasises the rarity of the sort of middleman that is needed to assign a value to such a theory. I am saying this because I don't claim any serious knowledge of painting, and can only look at your ideas from the side of physics. Perhaps that is what you want; you have put the ball into our court, and I must return the service. Well, here goes.

One point you have made very nicely – that 'reality' persists, in its own right, so to speak, however different it may look from different view points. I would call this the *Principle of Invariance*, which is at the heart of the two theories of Relativity. It is, indeed, more positive than the mere idea that time and space are a little arbitrary, and not to be relied on as absolutes. It states that time and space are certainly different for different observers, but in a special way that ensures that the *laws* of physics are the *same* for every observer. The constancy of the velocity of light (your remark on this is surely a pun; 'light', in painting, means illumination not an electromagnetic signal!) is just one of these laws, to which the Principle applies. To parallel it, your painter must demonstrate that the relations between the objects in his picture are invariant, and not dependent on the contingency of the moment and point of vision. This, you say, is what Picasso does; I entirely agree.

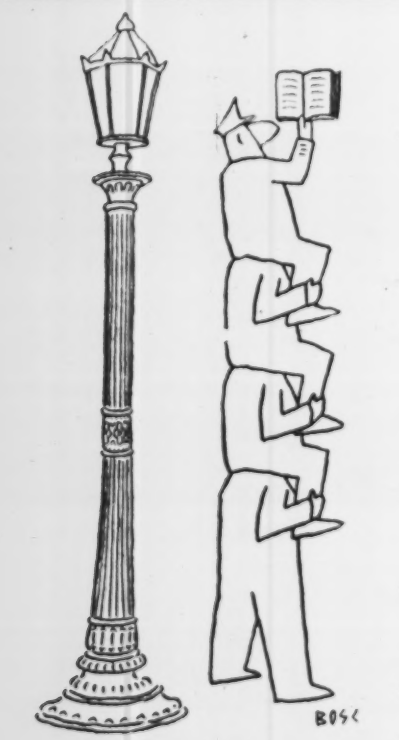
The *Principle of Indeterminacy*, also, with its emphasis on the influence of the observer on the very phenomenon which he is trying to observe, has caught the imagination of philosophers, and perhaps found its way into painting. Yet, are its artistic manifestations in our era essentially new? It is a problem that arises automatically, because subject (the painter) and object (the paintee) are interacting, and the flow of psychic energy can never be one way. What is the ancient art of portraiture but a rider to this theorem? Could not one say, rather, that modern painters have simply refused to take the classical attitude of trying deliberately to limit the disturbance caused by the observer? In the realm of human relations, this Principle has always ruled.

But again, haven't you missed a more positive aspect of the Revolution of 1926? The companion of Indeterminacy is *Complementarity* You know the paradox: The electron is both a wave and a particle. But this is a loose, almost deliberately misleading way of saying that an electron (and every other manifestation of matter or energy) has both wave and particle aspects, either of which can be evoked by the appropriate stimulus If one looks with a device that is sensitive to waves, then one will observe the electron as a wave; if the instrument is designed to detect particles, why then one finds a particle. The Principle of Complementarity tells us that both these 'qualities', completely irreconcilable in essence, can, must, be present together: we cannot observe them both at once; we can always discover the one we are looking for. Now surely we can detect this same Principle at work in the Arts, for example in the tension between Design and Representation. Are these not contradictory, but complementary attributes? If we look for composition and pattern, even in the most realistic painters, then we shall certainly find it; if our eye is tuned for Representation, then we shall see natural objects even in the most uncompromising Abstracts. What is impossible is to see both aspects in the same glance, any more than one can see both sides of the moon without making a weary voyage round it. But again, this problem is as old as art itself, as explicit in the Parthenon as in Picasso. Or is it only in the last few decades that we have allowed our mind's eye to relax, and have stopped looking for particles – *i.e.* Representation – and deliberately focused in waves, on Design? It is, as they say, a good question.

Another essential feature of our new physical world is the *Quantum Principle* itself, the discovery that all microscopic phenomena are not continuous and smoothly varying, like the flow of water under a bridge, but that there are starts and stops, and discontinuous jumps from one state to another. In a sense this was an inevitable discovery. Formal continuity is the invention of pure mathematics, and has always been open to the criticism of philosophical atomists, from Leucippus onwards. This technical problem faces the painter, who cannot, except in a wash of water colour, pass smoothly from point to point on his picture without crossing the boundaries between distinct colours. However fine his brush strokes, they are not infinitesimal. This, again, seems to me to be a problem as old as all art. The classical painter consciously chose to give at least the illusion of continuity; some of the Moderns have dared to take the dilemma by the other horn, and have deliberately emphasised discontinuous areas of pure colour, even to the extent of drawing boundaries round them.

Let me remind you of a beautiful new Principle, only discovered since the War – the *Principle of Renormalization*. It is concerned with the difference between the intrinsic, or 'bare' object – an electron, say – and the object that we actually have in the apparatus. The electron as observed carries round with it a cloud of other particles, like bees buzzing round a hive. When we say that we have measured the mass, or the electric charge, or the magnetic moment, or some other property, of 'an electron', we must always include the masses, charges, etc., of the attendant swarm, which cannot, by any means, be stripped away. To our dismay, we calculate that this is not a trivial correction, but very big indeed, even formally infinite. So electrons, like stockbrokers, are very different beneath their clothes, and it takes some mathematical imagination to see them undressed. There are obvious analogies in the visual Arts. The whole possibility of giving a representational title to an abstract work may depend upon just this difference between the object seen with all its associations, as observed directly, and its image in essence, painted from the artist's inward eye. Or again, there is the device of adding to a portrait a variety of objects which have strong associations with the sitter, so that we see him fully, as in the life – Baldwin complete with pipe, Churchill with cigar. The Renormalization Principle is very powerful, and it works both ways.

Of course, to explore your hypothesis further, you ought also to look at the medium in which the modern physicist actually depicts the world – mathematics. There ought to be some connection between the language of modern painting, and the language of modern mathematics, especially the mathematics that is used by theoretical physicists. This is an exciting, but extremely technical problem, for if there is anything more abstruse and specialised than modern aesthetics, it is modern mathematics. All I can say is that there has certainly been a change of fashion, if not a revolution, in mathematical physics, coinciding with the new quantum theory. Newtonian physics – all physics up to 1926 – is expressed in the branch of mathematics called Analysis, which is a sort of grown-up name for the Calculus. Heisenberg and Dirac brought into physics, from pure mathematics, a completely different discipline, called Algebra. This is not just the roots of quadratic equations, but the formal theory of symbols that 'operate' on other symbols, paralleling mathematically the action of the physical 'observer' as he operates upon a system and, in the process, alters its state. It is out of this theory that the integral quantum



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numbers arise. It is fundamentally linked to general laws concerning the symmetry of physical objects and relations, and its nearest visual analogue is not in modern painting at all; it is found in Arab decorative design, in intricate patterns of intertwining lines and curves based upon highly complex laws of symmetry. In fact, we find this same interest in geometrical structure and symmetry in all modern branches of the natural sciences. If your theory is correct, we should be able to identify some of these elements in modern painting, even if they are not easily recognisable as formal mathematical constructions.

In the world of high-brow theoretical physics there is, perhaps, another mathematical revolution quietly germinating. As every schoolboy knows, modern Pure Mathematics is greatly concerned with Topology, the theory of, yes, only connections. How many towns can be linked with each other by direct railways without crossings? How many colours do we need to distinguish the countries in a map? Topology has proliferated algebraically and analytically into many dimensions, and has also crept, here and there, into physics. The obvious question is whether it has also, very insidiously, crept into visual Art. Has this mathematical discipline anything to do with the patent fact that modern Sculpture is much more 'multiply connected' than classical sculpture? Or does this theme also stretch back to Leonardo and Piranesi, to problems of articulation and structure, where lines only exist as ways for the eye to travel from one junction to another?

Let me try to sum up these rather wide-ranging remarks. There are more themes in modern physics than you allow, and they all have obvious analogies in the visual arts. But these themes do not belong specifically to modern Art; they have had their influence on artists in the past, long before they were seen to be significant in science. The Principles seem to me to be essentially philosophical, for they are logically inherent in the effort to make finite maps or pictures of the infinite complexity of what is. I don't mean to say that I follow Eddington in supposing that one could cerebrate the laws of physics directly from contemplation of the problem of observation. Nature, bless her, has too many tricks up her sleeve. But as we explore the world, scientifically or aesthetically, we can't help bumping up against certain difficulties, and eventually setting up our solutions to them as formal 'Principles'.

Whether the best artists have actually carried over, from physics, these Principles, and exemplified them in paint, is another matter. Perhaps they have caught on to some of the cruder, more popularised themes – 'Space and Time are not absolutes', or 'The whole world is in a state of chassis' – but I just don't see sufficient detailed correlation between aesthetic styles and scientific discoveries to confirm your thesis as a causal law. On the other hand, we may look for one general connection. The revolution in physics is a break with a classical tradition. It is a real revolution, in that quite new ways of thought were necessary. One had to go through the logic again, step by step, and sometimes found oneself taking a novel, apparently ridiculous, turning instead of the well worn path. The success of this revolution may have communicated itself to the artists, and put them into a more adventurous frame of mind, ready to explore alleys which mere convention had curtained over. So, if the same new Principles appear in Physics and in Painting at about the same epoch, it may not be entirely accident. Further than that I cannot go. Indeed, further I must not go, otherwise there will be a demarcation dispute between the League of Art Critics and the Institute of Physics.

Over to you, and all the best,

JOHN ZIMAN

P.S. What delightful new cards you have now added to the pack of Cultural Happy Families: Mr Stinks the Chemist; Miss Links, the Mathematician's Daughter; Master Thinks, the Theoretical Physicist's son. 'Einstein!' 'Picasso!' 'Snap!'.

Negative Feed-Back

ONCE upon a time there was a serious play with a serious theme – two qualities which put it straight away outside the usual run of West End offerings. How far outside the run will be clearer when I add that the theme of Sam Thompson's *Over the Bridge* is trade unionism and the setting the Belfast shipyards. The drama is arranged as a series of clashes: between the old style trade unionists who have fought through the Depression (at the Princes Theatre, Joseph Tomelty, a kind of selfless socialist saint, and J. G. Devlin, a 'ruletarian' who lives by the book alone) and a younger generation (Colin Blakely) which has not needed the ideals because it has been brought up in a workers' market of prosperity; between kinds of ideals – John McBride was excellent as the lemon-faced old timer who deserts the union for the chapel; between the union and the worker who is simply out for Number One; between, finally, the Protestants and Catholics, who sacrifice everything – union, law and lives – to religious bigotry.

In principle, Sam Thompson's play is impressive. Unfortunately, very little is involved except principles. The talk is of principles, the characters are walking principles. The author, having got his theme, left the people to take care of themselves. He has simply fitted them out with every cliché in the book; and there are an awful lot of clichés in the book. But because the clichés are entirely those of sentimental melodrama, the people don't stand a chance. There is a limit to the life actors can inject into dead dialogue. Perhaps a fast, precise production would help. But I doubt it.

The reason is simple: a play which tackles a theme as solid and serious as this should hurt. It should present the audience with ideas they don't want to hear, views they don't want to se. Mr Thompson, however, tickles the audience in their complacencies, he reduces living issues to dead sentiments. For *Over the Bridge* is as much a drama of cliché as most of the other Shaftesbury Avenue offerings, even if the clichés are those of the opposite side. So it will cheer the audiences up more than it will shake them up. We know already that the West End's negative feed-back is a powerful mechanism: it can assimilate even Joan Littlewood's productions as mere good entertainment.The only way to change the brute is not to feed it with more clichés, of whatever colour, but to attack it with genuine, more original and more intelligent theatre.

Postscript: having preached this sermon, I now find I was wrong. Platitudes or no, the play tried something too unfashionable to last. It has come off, and I am left wishing that I had been able to give it a rave.

A. ALVAREZ

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Jean Dubuffet

It isn't only political speeches or trying to argue logically with a woman that can put one in a state of impotent rage at the bland disregard of inescapable facts: art-critical discourse can have this effect. Think of the picture of post-war art presented by most of the writing and talking about it. You're led to suppose that abstract art has – for better or for worse, according to the point of view – been overwhelmingly the dominant force, countered here and there at the periphery by scattered attempts – brave or misguided or merely eccentric, according to the point of view – to 'get back to the human figure'. In fact, new images of the human figure, in particular the female nude, have been created during this period by three of its most characteristic, most influential, and most fashionable figures – Giacometti, de Kooning, Dubuffet. It would be difficult to think of any other living artists under the age of sixty who are at once so much sought-after by the moneyed and powered and so much looked-up-to by their fellow-artists – my point is that they hold a central position in the international art world – and each of them has been concerned with making a human image. So what is the really significant trend in post-war art? – that a few good artists and several thousand bad ones have been doing abstract art? or that three artists of great reputation have tried, and have managed, to give new life to the highest and hardest-worked theme in art, at a time when the task was fraught with appalling difficulties?

The difficulties arise from dealing with a traditional theme when there is no clear-cut living tradition on which to build, as the Cubists and Fauves could build upon Post-Impressionism. There is no clear-cut tradition because the world of art has quite suddenly become several times larger than it has ever been before: once you accept that a Roman bust and an African mask, a Byzantine mosaic and a panel by Watteau are all art, where can you go? And there is no living tradition because, for the artists born just after the turn of the century, the forms created by those born around 1880 have already become clichés – for several reasons, one of which is the speed with which their originators have themselves worked out their possibilities. I don't mean that these forms haven't been of use to our trio. Giacometti drew on Cubism in his earlier work, de Kooning has done so *passim;* Dubuffet appears to be highly derivative from Klee (whom he has said he considers the greatest painter of this century: a painting of Klee's like *Stricken Town,* with its network of lines incised all over a wall of brown, looks like a prototype for many Dubuffet landscapes; Dubuffet's sculptures are remarkably close to Klee's). But it's been a question for them of borrowing from their predecessors whatever they could use, not one of founding their style upon that of their predecessors, as the Cubists did with Cézanne, and as a multitude of decorative painters today have done with the Cubists and late Klee. For Giacometti and de Kooning and Dubuffet, the whole problem of making a human image has had to be thought out afresh, taking nothing, as far as they could, for granted.

Each, then, has tried to deal with some absolutely fundamental problem. Giacometti's work has asked what is entailed in re-creating an experience located in a certain time and space in the form of a sculpture which is to be experienced at any number of different times in any number of different spaces. De Kooning's work has asked what the implications are of using a language of forms at a time when all formal conventions are in the melting-pot and any mark made with a brush can mean almost anything. Dubuffet's work has asked what can happen if a sophisticated artist, exasperated with sophisticated forms of art, reverts to the most infantile forms of each of the two activities which are combined in making art – the invention of a sign which by some magic will recall something in the real world, and the fabrication of an object that has no practical use. So the signs resemble those of children's drawings, and the matter in which the signs are incised or built up resembles the mud, or the faecal matter itself, that children play with. His problem, that is to say, has been to see whether art can be made out of material and in language which no adult would normally deign to use – to transform a pumpkin into a golden coach.

And how he has transformed it! I find the present one-man show at the Hanover Gallery particularly satisfying evidence of this: it's retrospective in scope without being anything like a slap-up retrospective exhibition – the selection is discriminating, but it includes few major works and none of the nudes of the early Fifties which are his masterpieces – yet it impresses both by its variety and its consistent quality. From the poorest of means, something has been created which impresses precisely by its richness – a marvellous richness of colour in the monotonous browns, then richness in the sense of variety, and richness above all in the complexity of feeling compressed within the individual image. The figures combine an air of extreme vulnerability with a strange dignity and indestructibility. They are oafish, roaring monsters who don't give a damn for anyone, reincarnations of Père Ubu. But they also have a pathetic, clownish grandeur, like Rembrandt's drawing of the elephant. And they have the unassuming nobility which Van Gogh attributed to Millet's peasants when he said that 'they seem painted with the earth they sow'.

Dubuffet transforms his elementary earthy matter, investing it with meaning and beauty. But he also affirms it in its own right. His paint is not simply (as de Kooning's is, expressly) a medium through which to convey feelings and sensations, a raw embodiment of intangibles; it also affects us in its own right, as matter. It conveys changing meanings, but it also reassures with a sense of the permanence of the material world. 'I am struck', he has said, 'by the high value, for a man, of a simple permanent fact, like the miserable vista on which the window of his room opens daily.' His art is a restatement of that love of all material things, whatever they may be, which is the perennial theme of French painting.

David Sylvester

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300 Million Wedding Guests

Several lessons for next time, whenever that is, may be learned from the television broadcasts of last week's royal wedding.

Royal (and other prominent) guests: Don't look sullen or bored, or invalid conclusions may be jumped to. Don't scratch an ear or sing too uninhibitedly, or a sudden close-up may reveal a moment of comic bathos. Don't wear a skirt that falls away from your legs each time you sit down; or, if you do, don't keep adjusting it.

Producers: Seek always the balance between a too reverent discretion and excessive use of 'human-interest' shots. (This seems to have been achieved pretty satisfactorily, on both channels, last week.)

Commentators: Don't rely too much on extemporisation. The course of a royal wedding is not as unpredictable as that of a football match: everything is timed precisely in advance. The secret is thorough research – and here Richard Dimbleby, by all accounts, excelled. On the eve of the wedding he went on a prolonged and stately prowl through the Abbey, checking the timing, noting technical terms and historical minutiae. He also briefed the Eurovision commentators of various nationalities, who sat in Broadcasting House during the ceremony, each with a monitor and a 'shooting script' before him: Babel, 1960.

The content of the commentary is as important as its timing. Since TV leaves little to the imagination, a TV commentary is less directly descriptive than one on sound radio: as in a good documentary film script, it is often better to talk 'against' the picture than merely to tell viewers what they can see for themselves, anyway; though persons and objects must be identified. The inevitable clichés ('the man of her choice', etc.) must be uttered with absolute conviction.

Improvisation *is* necessary, however, during the hours before and after such a function; and this is a severer test both of knowledge and of articulacy. Mr Dimbleby rolled on fluently at the docks for over an hour, while the bride and groom were held up by the

City crowds. (He once described, with equal aplomb, the Queen's arrival at the Paris opera, though his monitor had packed up and he couldn't see what was happening.) The rival commentators were put to some disadvantage in the morning by the rather silly catch-viewer device of bringing the start of the ITV broadcast forward, at short notice, to 9.15; their resources were not entirely adequate to the extra demand, and I noted such morsels as (of the crowd in The Mall) 'They're in great heart – at least they cheered *us* when we arrived'; and (of the bridegroom) 'His family roots are deeply embedded in the soil of Wales . . . [here followed some sentences in Welsh] On behalf of the Welsh people I welcomed Antony Armstrong-Jones into the royal family'; and (a desperate topographical filler) '. . . the statue of Earl Haig which you can see, unfortunately with his back towards us at the moment'. More homework in future, please.

The Eurovision potential of 300 million viewers sounded so overwhelming that some people forgot to check the figure for those who may have listened to the sound-radio commentary, ably done by David Lloyd James, Audrey Russell, Alun Williams and others. It was 250 million. This Home Service commentary was relayed simultaneously on the BBC's General Overseas Service. In America and elsewhere there will have been some overlap between the two figures; but, since these listener-viewers saw the TV recording a few hours after the ceremony, radio was there first.

TOM DRIBERG

News Week

NEWS cinemas continue to exist, though they have little to do with news: they are gap-fillers, magazine shows, fifty minutes between us and catching the train or meeting the date. Such life as they had was killed by TV. Who now thinks of going to a newsreel theatre for the Cup Final, when he has already seen it reported live or doesn't care anyway? One hold, however, the cinema retains, and that's colour. Did we, home-stayers, have our fill of the wedding last Friday? One thing we missed, the warmth and variety that belong to this kind of spectacle – colour. Seventy-two hours later the cinema provides it.

Both Rank and Associated British have produced their 20-minute versions of last Friday, in colour; and if you enjoy hangovers, these keep the thing going. The beginnings are characteristic. Rank's *Wedding in Springtime* starts with fruit-blossom outside Clarence House, and then goes to stare at the outside of the Armstrong-Jones studio in Pimlico Road; thence it strays into Chelsea, looking for bohemian types, and follows a car from Sloane Square to the Palace. In fact it starts with one of those first paragraphs which any good journalist would automatically strike out. And the rest of the film is as tame, in the circumstances, as could be.

May Wedding (Associated British) makes a better job of it by plunging into the all-night crowds in the Mall. I don't know that John Pudney's text, spoken by Michael Redgrave, isn't a bit too jolly and jingly; still, one can forgive his London Town for the sake of the crowd glimpses. And, thank heaven, they don't have to be interviewed! Then the breast-plates rustle, the glass coach steps out smartly into Whitehall, and the cheers ring far louder than TV admitted with its impression of a subdued route forever being quenched by the notes of God Save the Queen. The Abbey itself startled with its blue and gold; with the service over and retirement to the vestry, picturesque figures from the Dominions were quickly picked out. The return in full sunlight, the bursting crowds, the appearance on the balcony, though robbed of suspense, gathered atmosphere. Briefly we see them off from the Tower; and sated though we may be, the memory is retouched.

In a very few years, of course, even the advantage of colour will have been snatched away, leaving the newsreel camera with nothing except scoops from the Himalayas or the Arctic – and the real tough story they should have been giving us all along.

Not by accident, another film has grim news value. This is *Justice and Caryl Chessman*, at the International Film Theatre, for which there has been only too much time to prepare. It lasts forty minutes, but despite its subject makes less impression than many of the 'March of Time' investigations. It does not, like them, re-create scenes: in fact its chief obstacle has been a strict adherence to facts and people long after the event. This is the chair where Chessman sat; here, a single woman juror sits in the empty court formulating her impressions; the district attorney is interviewed, still insistent that Chessman should die, and the consulting lawyer for the defence; narrative from the cop who ran him to earth, still of the hanging judge, stills of Chessman. To bring the film to life Chessman must have walked and talked into the camera: this has not been possible, and the arguments and the incidentals don't add up enough. However, we do see him walking in step with a guard before and a guard behind across the courtyard into a door; San Quentin; the way into the death chamber; the two chairs waiting with straps idle for their victims. It's all passable journalism, and if it doesn't try to weigh the pros and cons of Chessman's guilt, it does strongly pose the question whether the state's crime in executing him does not exceed the crime for which he was supposed to be punished. Some day perhaps a Resnais will go over this historic ground.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BBC Thursday Invitation Concert, at Maida Vale Studios

The inclusion of Elisabeth Lutyens's Cantata *O Saisons, O Chateaux!* in last week's BBC Thursday Concert was an imaginative stroke of programme planning. The Cantata is 15 years old, and is thus mercifully removed from the current modernity draughts-games. The Cantata's claim to a hearing is, then, purely musical; and the claim is sustained by the achievement. This highly sensitive music is quite without any false pretensions, and is expressed with the clarity and economy of a true craftsman. The harmony is always strictly under aural control, the textures are finely judged, and the vocal part, though modest in character, finds a moving lyrical fulfilment in the final paragraph. The Cantata is not difficult to perform, and there is every reason why it should not be allowed to return again to the limbo; reason, too, for further investigation of Miss Lutyens's considerable and neglected output.

D. D.

The Golden Touch, at the Piccadilly

Think of a Greek island; depopulate it; colonise it with beatniks, rule it with a hedonist Makarios-figure; send to it a ruthless Onassis-figure (with heart of gold) whose daughter is *way out, man*: add a romantic pearl-diver, a red-brick financial wizard . . . What else can we squeeze in? . . . funny German, pompous portrait painter, promiscuous titled lady novelist, half-witted monk . . . inject suitable quantities second-hand contemporary wisecracks: garnish heavily with triangular romance: and top off with a gamin Sagan-figure, complete with genuine French accent. A recipe, Julian More must have thought when planning his new musical, that could hardly fail.

And probably it won't fail, if success is measured in terms of hard cash. But it will be no thanks to the tedious book, silly lyrics and eminently forgettable music of its devisers if it doesn't. Only the brilliant choreography of Paddy Stone, the imaginative (and well-painted) sets of Hugh Casson, and dogged hard work on the part of the unfortunate beatnik chorus saved this cynical and humourless concoction from complete disaster. Fine singing of worthless songs by Gordon Boyd, who could act most of the cast off the stage with one twist of his expressive lips, and Gary Cockrell's casual vitality as leader of the beatniks, stood out like good deeds in a naughty world: and this, in a sense, is what they were.

J. B.

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Correspondence

UNITY AMONG TEACHERS

SIR, – Few would disagree with your comment that a united organisation of teachers is desirable, and none that teachers should exert a stronger corporate influence on society. But a strong, united body of teachers, speaking with a clear voice and heeded by public and parliament alike, is a flat impossibility. In today's society it is clear that any body of employees lacking the means of bringing pressure to bear in support of their claims upon authority will be ignored, or exploited, or both. It is equally clear that teachers form just such a body. Apparently repudiating with contempt the methods of the affiliated trade union, they look instead towards that kind of Star Chamber enjoyed or suffered by the medical and legal professions. The reasons why realisation of such a dream remains as distant as ever are not far to seek. Chief among them is the fact that teaching is not a profession in the sense that the law and medicine are professions. Sometimes it is a vocation; more often it is simply a job. It becomes a profession only when the Minister is refusing a pay claim or softening up the Burnham Committee into acceptance of something he and they know teachers will find unpalatable.

Analogies with unions of railwaymen, doctors, dentists etc. are all false, for in none of these latter do we find a heavy preponderance of women, nor does most of the doctor's salary come from the local rate (woe to him if it did). Both the trade unions and the professional organisations have, over the year, negotiated for a man's salary with all that this implies. Where women are concerned the public mind thinks quite differently. Nurses, along with old age pensioners, are in a category that provokes much clicking of tongues but little action. The teacher is in a worse plight still, for his employer is, in a very real sense, the ratepayer, and even if this were not so, the public's attitude towards him is one of permanent if mild hostility. If the public demanded a chain of comprehensive schools extending from Lands End to John o' Groats, the staff working inside would still be a bunch of 9 to 4 layabouts who get far too many holidays. Money spent by any union in wooing the public from this attitude may be written off as as having vanished down the same drain that swallows Blue Streaks, Suez adventures and ground-nuts with the same impartiality.

The NUT is neither militant nor strong. It is merely large. Over the years thousands have looked to it for a stern leadership, a pioneering spirit of uncompromising firmness in its dealings on Burnham. The record is a melancholy one. Its usefulness is clearly limited to those fields in which no demand is made upon authority, much less upon the public purse. The man in the classroom looks for relief from dinner duties, for the end, not only of dilution but of that servile attitude which accepted the Emergency Scheme (was there, then, no shortage of doctors, lawyers, architects, dentists, surveyors, accountants?) and, most of all, the salary issue. When his immediate financial position is improved, he may then take time to view the horizon; until then he is more concerned with part-time window cleaning, night-school teaching, brewery or cannery work and the many other jobs he performs to bolster his basic £520.

An increasing irritation is evident among men members of the NUT. Older men are embittered and cynical, the disillusioned idealists of pre-war days who even in these times of never-had-it-so-good see themselves far worse off vis-a-vis society than they were in 1939; the middle-aged grumble but are set in their ways, while many have house purchase mortgages negotiated through the NUT which require membership of that union; the young men are either going to the NAS, joining the NUT for that most dreadful of all reasons, 'I want legal cover if a parent turns nasty', or not joining a union at all.

There is indeed dissension in the ranks, not only between the sexes, but latterly between primary and secondary teachers over differentials. This is rich. There is scarcely a teacher who has a good word to say for this abysmal system of setting Jack over his neighbour, yet it was accepted by Burnham, presumably as a fair and equitable arrangement.

JOHN FURNESS

67 Burns Road
Sheffield

THE VOICE OF THE YOB

SIR, – Graham Footitt, though under twenty, is clearly not in touch with teenagers or teenage thought. If he were, perhaps he would not talk such pitiable, snobbish nonsense. I don't know what (public?) school he went to, but it must honestly have been an exceedingly unenlightening one to make him think that the modern teenage youth Roy Kerridge writes about consists of 'society's oddities and outcasts'. This contemptuous and all too facile label is one which is frequently applied by Mr Footitt and *his* kind and should not be allowed to pass unnoticed.

Mr Kerridge was not making excuses for us. And as a teenager I should resent having to have a 'benign benefactor' as much as anybody. But when Mr Footitt starts babbling about how the birch has done little harm to the previous generations (we are not talking about previous generations anyway), how the majority of yobs hate knowledge, that there is 'teenage chaos', that the only way to get on in life is to join the monster rat race, that it is dangerous as well as futile to apply a psychological angle to the teenage problem (he doesn't tell us what it is), it becomes just too clear that, deep in his own self-absorption, he has missed the whole point of Roy Kerridge's article.

If the 'indifferent' dismissal of 'a lot of juvenile crime' revolted Mr Footitt, then his own casual acceptance of the smart commercial values of the oldie's world really gripped me. And if he thinks that he's putting yobs in pale perspective by telling a story about how they hated his pal the supply teacher, well I really am surprised at him. Because I haven't the slightest doubt that it was his friend who needed the perspective. It is probably of him that Mr Kerridge writes, the 'students who despise the main teenage crowd and think themselves so important'.

Of course we teenagers are embittered about the world around us. It's inevitable and right. And we aren't the only ones who see moral decadence, horrible sefish obsession and hatred in our elders, hand in hand with previously unsurpassed affluence. But we are the ones who are unfortunately most influenced by them, and the ones who take over from them. Perhaps we will, as Mr Kerridge hopes, produce something more constructive to change and reform the sordid adult world. We certainly won't just sit and sneer, and clap our hands for 'practical progress' like Mr Footitt.

DOMINIC GILL

Milton Abbas
Blandford
Dorset

SIR, – Mr Kerridge drums into our heads that generalisations about teenagers are ridiculous. Who would deny this? Then he goes on and makes a sweeping generalisation that all young persons with a hobby are either sixth-formers or bank clerks without intelligence, and ruins a good article. Anyway it guarantees him a career in advertising, who are past masters at this method of sales talk. So we can say 'welcome Mr Kerridge' to this 'sordid adult world' of ours, you have got half your body through the door, not just your foot. Just to let him have his own back, I had better state that I have a vested interest as I am a bank clerk, and, I'm sorry to say, a young one at that.

J. A. BROWN

6 High Street
Andover, Hants

THE LABOUR VOTER

SIR, – You ask what would happen to the Socialists if the name of the Labour Party was changed and nationalization was abandoned. This one would vote no differently and welcome the change.

It is natural that the skilled man buying his own house (and also his wife with her gadgets) should think of 'working class' with distaste, remembering the deadly orderly poverty of the past. 'Labour' conjures up thoughts of comradeship, but no enthusiasm. It immediately brings unpleasant thoughts to mind, caps, rough clothes, rations or not enough to eat, unemployment, struggle – the bad days.

They see nationalization as an ideal that somehow didn't succeed, with the name now so bandied about by Tory propaganda as to be hopeless. They think the nationalized industries defeated by lack of Labour bosses in the industries, no example from the top. The Conservative and Unionist Party can be out-classed

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by the Radical and Labour Party – the latter the Labour Party in a new dress, to match more prosperous times, with its promise of a really 'Fair Deal' – the 'bogy' turned into something much more presentable and palatable, but fulfilling the need of a planned economy.

PHYLLIS E. FROST

The Red House
Cuthbert Road
Westgate-on-Sea

NHS UNDER SCRUTINY

SIR, – Your comments on hospital staffing had a surprising lack of urgency. Few hospitals have a full complement of trained nurses. Of those who start their three-year training course about 50 per cent. do not finish. They do not all marry off: they are more often attracted away by other jobs or driven away by the unpleasant conditions. Many nurses still work 48-hour weeks with staggered and irregular hours so that they do not know their free evenings until a few days in advance; they are the lowest paid hospital workers; they are expected to be responsible enough to look after the sick and dying but not to watch the TV after 10.30, to be out late without a pass, or to run in the bath water of another nurse.

The junior doctors usually do about 100 hours' duty a week. The unfortunate may have only 9 hours off duty (that is they are on duty for 159 hours a week): the fortunate may be off on alternate evenings. Work cannot be postponed after a night without sleep. The complaints about inconsiderate and bad tempered hospital doctors are understandable but some doctors have an understandable excuse.

Many of these junior posts are filled by Commonwealth and Irish doctors and nurses. If this 'foreign labour' were withdrawn and if we wished full staffing, it has been estimated that 40 per cent. of the NHS hospitals would have to close. It is against this background that one sees the madness of the intent to cut medical recruiting.

The nation's medical skill is finite for there are only a limited number of doctor hours, operating hours and laboratory hours available. This asset may be distributed among the population according to need or according to ability to pay. If done by the first method then each will be able to receive according to his need. If some of the available health service time is taken away to be distributed according to ability to pay then there is less for distribution according to need. Thus some, whose need is greater, will lose their opportunity of, say, early specialist's appointment, to others of lesser need but greater wealth.

Your feelings appear to be that we must safeguard the right of the individual to have private treatment if he wishes. But what of the right of the others to have access to all treatment? Would you have supported a war-time rationing system which said: 90 per cent. of food will be distributed equally to all: the remainder will be sold to the highest bidder?

JUNIOR HOSPITAL DOCTOR

PRISONERS IN S. AFRICA

SIR, – Your readers will no doubt have heard of the arrest of Miss Myrna Blumberg in South Africa. Miss Blumberg is a journalist well known to us when she worked on the *New Chronicle* and *Daily Herald* whilst in London. Efforts have been made to obtain information about her arrest and the reason for her imprisonment, by this Union and the South African Society of Journalists. The South African government will not allow names of people imprisoned in the recent emergency to be reported from the Union. A good number of people in this country are seeking news of friends or relatives who have disappeared, and they are not finding the South African authorities co-operative, even when, as in Miss Blumberg's case, a two-year-old child is left parentless.

It may help, however, if we could know the size of the problem. May I, therefore, appeal to all your readers who have good reason to believe that friends or relatives have been imprisoned without charge or trial, as a result of the recent emergency, to send details to me? A dossier will be prepared which could prove to be of great value to those who have lost their liberty, and in particular to those South Africans who do not enjoy the protection of a British passport.

L. C. MCCLEAN

National Union of Journalists
143 Temple Chambers
London, EC4

SIR, – May I appeal to South Africans abroad, who want to see their country free, democratic and respected and not a fascist police state, loathed by civilised humanity, to give maximum support to the South African Freedom Association?

Our Association is holding its Annual General Meeting at Friend's House, Euston Road, London, on Friday 13 June at 7.30 pm. All friends of African freedom, whether members of the Association or not, are cordially invited. The principal item on the agenda is a 'Programme of Action' for the coming year, to help the folks in South Africa. Prominent 'Exiles' from South Africa are expected at the meeting and will give a report on the latest events.

E. S. SACHS

73 Greencroft Gardens
London, NW6

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

MARCH
from
BARDNEY ROCKET SITE TO LINCOLN
Saturday, 21st May
Assemble 11 a.m. Bardney War Memorial
Open Air Meeting 4.30 p.m. South Common, Lincoln

PUBLIC MEETING FOR DOCTORS AND NURSES
17th May at 7.30 p.m.
Caxton Hall, S.W.1
PROFESSOR J. ROTBLAT
DR. BARNETT STROSS, MP

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A Public Enquiry
Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, May 26, 7.30 p.m.
R. W. BRIGINSHAW, Canon L. JOHN COLLINS, MERVYN JONES, Cdr. Sir STEPHEN KING-HALL, KINGSLEY MARTIN and Professor J. ROTBLAT will answer criticisms of unilateral nuclear disarmament from experienced interrogators
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THE FAMILY OF JONES

SIR, – I found your article 'The Little Sister' most interesting. I was quite amused by your reference to the 'difficult Jones relations popping up all over the place'. I am a Jones relation from Newfoundland. I used to stay with his grandfather when on visits to England. And I know his father. Has it ever struck you how difficult it can be to have a relation become a world figure overnight? Day by day you are introduced as a 'relation of Tony Armstrong-Jones'. You are expected to have a keyhole view into the Palace. The least morsel of reminiscence is eagerly lapped up. No day goes by without someone on the street or in a social gathering referring to the marriage and cocking an ear for your reaction. You are prodded. Pointed out. Quoted. How difficult it is to have a Jones relation in the Palace! You want them to be very happy but you will be very glad when it is all over.

PHILIP KNOWLING

St Johns
Newfoundland

UNSOUND TO THE SUMMIT

SIR, – As a voracious reader of your publication for very many years I am moved for the first time to write expressing my congratulations on agnostic Priestley's brilliantly written (and to me Christian) article 'Unsound to the Summit'. How glad I am that in his final paragraph he reveals himself as a believer in Original Sin.

Nevertheless, it is indeed ironic that, at such a time, the Nuclear activists of the Foulness demonstration should be in prison for up to six months. The inane and fatuous remarks of the prosecution as to the cost of the police has brought a rejoinder from a contemporary journal that 'At this (financial) reckoning the government which has just scrapped the £100 million Blue Streak missile would be gaoled for 250,000 years.' May I request that all progressives, including your own excellent journal, should urge the release of these 'unsound men and women'.

W. S. HICKMAN

Highcliffe
Salisbury
Wiltshire

CAR RALLIES

SIR, – I would like to protest against the use of our roads for car rallies. The lanes round here are narrow and winding – very lovely, but highly dangerous. Yet it is on these roads that the rallies take place. At weekends, cars, many of them high powered, roar round the twists and turns of these pretty lanes in low gear and at tremendous speeds. At such times I am afraid to take out my own car; and it is not even safe to walk. I do not know what it is like in other parts of the country.

I am puzzled. If I drove my car along these lanes at such high speeds and was seen by the police, I could be charged with dangerous driving. Yet these rallies take place with the knowledge of the police. I suggest that rally enthusiasts buy themselves a racing track, leaving the lanes to those who wish to enjoy the beauty of our countryside in safety.

KATHLEEN M. ALLEN

Loshes
Gt Henny
Sudbury

LILLIPUT

SIR, – I shall be grateful if you will allow me to correct some of the inaccuracies in Mr Francis Williams's comments upon the 'death warrant' on the magazine *Lilliput* in your issue of 30 April.

1. The decision that *Lilliput* should cease as a separate publication was made by me as General Manager of Longacre Press Ltd. I made this decision not on the orders of Odhams Press Ltd but with their reluctant consent.

2. It is true that under new management and editorship *Lilliput* was showing a 'notable revival of quality'. But at the same time *Lilliput* was showing no signs 'of a steady if not spectacular rise in sales'. And increasingly heavy financial losses did not justify our 'nursing *Lilliput* along a little longer.'

3. The highly efficient Eric Bemrose Company did not find it 'more difficult' to handle *Lilliput* because of other commitments.

Mr Williams writes that 'those in charge of the periodical business seem to me to be guilty of remarkable inefficiency'. Likewise I feel that Mr Williams as a reporter is guilty of 'remarkable inefficiency' too in not checking his facts through data that I would gladly have shown him.

JOHN WALTERS

Longacre Press Ltd
161/166 Fleet Street
London EC4

[*Francis Williams writes*: Mr Walters' loyalty to his bosses is touching but irrelevant. Longacre Press has no life except as a subsidiary of Odhams. Reluctant or not the final decision was theirs. As for the rest Mr Walters completely misses the point – or perhaps does not understand it. No-one denies that *Lilliput* was losing money. I said so specifically. But if the vast monolithic publishing giants that are now moving in and buying up everything cannot so order their economies as to make it possible for a monthly selling at two shillings with a circulation of over 70,000 to pay its way and survive, then they are either irresponsibly contemptuous of the public interest or remarkably inefficient or both. If printing problems arising from Bemrose's new contract for the *Woman's Mirror* introduced no special circumstances that might have provided some small excuse, then the case against Odhams is even stronger. – *Ed, NS.*]

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Advertiser's Announcement

15 years ago Germany was freed from Fascism and the foundation of the German Democratic Republic was laid

The Foreign Policy of the German Democratic Republic
— a Policy of Peace —

by SEPP SCHWAB, Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs of the German Democratic Republic

In 1949 a state was formed in Germany, which once and for ever broke with the fateful imperialistic policy of violence: The German Democratic Republic.

In conformity with the Potsdam agreement the power of German imperialists and militarists was, together with its economic foundation, abolished on the territory of the German Democratic Republic. The newly created socialist conditions of production in industry and agriculture, the firm alliance between the working class and the working farmers as well as with the other working strata of the population, became the foundation of this socialist state.

This foundation of the German Democratic Republic forms the face of her foreign policy. Not the preparation of new wars, not the propagation of hatred between the peoples or of revenge-seeking ideas, not the suppression of other peoples, but the maintenance of peace, the consolidation of friendship to all peace-loving peoples and with it the guarantee of favourable conditions for the victory of socialism — this is the main task of the foreign policy of the German Democratic Republic.

Starting from these facts the German Democratic Republic considers it as her foremost duty to strengthen the unity and conciseness of the socialist camp under the leadership of the Soviet Union and to consolidate the firm brotherly relations existing between the German Democratic Republic, the Soviet Union, the Chinese People's Republic and all the other countries belonging to the socialist people's family. There is complete unanimity between all these states concerning their joint endeavour for the consolidation of a socialist social order, from which emanates this joint desire to reduce international tension and to secure world peace for ever. The firm alliance of the German Democratic Republic with the other countries of the socialist camp is guarantee and proof, that the German Democratic Republic pursues a policy basically different from the fateful imperialistic policy of hatred, of hostility and revenge seeking towards other peoples.

The German Democratic Republic places herself fully at the side of all those peoples fighting for the achievement or consolidation of their national independence and against imperialistic suppression. In the past she has repeatedly shown her active solidarity with the fight of the Asian and African peoples for freedom and independence.

It need not be emphasized that, in contrast to West Germany's colonial policy, the German Democratic Republic maintains her relations with the independent Asian and African states on the basis of full equality. She concludes with them economic, trade and cultural agreements, based on the consideration of the interests of both partners and which are not tied to any discriminating conditions.

But the German Democratic Republic is willing to establish good relations with all other states willing to take up similar relations with her, because the GDR is of the opinion that a system of well developed international relations between the states, no matter of what kind of social system, is of greatest significance for the preservation of world peace. Therefore the German Democratic Republic attempts herself to establish relations of economic and other nature also with states belonging to the imperialistic camp.

The German Democratic Republic stands in the forefront of the world-wide struggle for the maintenance of peace. The German Democratic Republic supports all measures leading to a lessening of international tension and to the abolition of the danger of a new war.

Therefore the German Democratic Republic stands for the immediate prohibition of all weapons of mass destruction, above all for the immediate termination of all atom-bomb tests. She has declared her readiness to join the scheme of a nuclear-weapon free zone in Central Europe, just as she would welcome the formation of such a zone in the Baltic region and in the Balkans. She supports the conclusion of a non-aggression treaty between the member states of Nato and of the Warsaw Treaty and demands the withdrawal of the foreign troops from Germany.

The present situation in Germany places a particular responsibility upon the German Democratic Republic. In West Germany the old forces of German imperialism and militarism have re-established their old positions. True to the fatal traditions of German imperialism they feverishly prepare for revenge for the defeat inflicted upon them during the second world war. They rebuild their aggressive army and equip it with atomic weapons. Through this policy a dangerous hot-bed of war has been created in West Germany, from which emanates a new acute threat to peace in Europe.

In face of such a development in West Germany the fight for the preservation of peace has become the main item of the Germany problem. Therefore the German Democratic Republic concentrates her efforts on the abolition of the threat of war emanating from West Germany. She considers this as a contribution of the German people towards a guarantee of European security and for the preservation of world peace, starting from the historial fact that it was German imperialism which unleashed two terrible world wars.

The most important tasks in this endeavour of the German Democratic Republic consists, at present, in the struggle for the conclusion of a peace treaty with both German states and for the abolition of the centre of tension in West Berlin. The conclusion of a peace treaty as well as the settlement of the West Berlin problem would bring about a decisive swing towards the establishment of peaceful conditions in the whole of Germany and frustrate any threat to peace emanating from German soil.

The appearance of the delegation of the German Democratic Republic at the Geneva Foreign Ministers Conference was an impressive confirmation of the peaceful foreign policy maintained by the German Democratic Republic, of her determination to solve all questions regarding Germany in the spirit of conciliation and by negotiation and finally to solve the question of a peace treaty with Germany and the West Berlin problem. The participation of the GDR delegation in the Geneva Foreign Ministers' Conference with an equal status for both German states signifies the recognition of the international authority of the German Democratic Republic and of her prominent role in the fight for peace in Germany and Europe. The Geneva Foreign Ministers' Conference proved, beyond any doubt, that no question concerning the German people can be solved without the participation of the German Democratic Republic.

On the 15th anniversary of the liberation of the German people from Hitler fascism the German Democratic Republic looks back with satisfaction at the successes achieved by her peaceful democratic foreign policy, a policy which is supported by all Germans interested in a peaceful development and by all other peace-loving peoples over the world.

The German Democratic Republic will pursue this policy also in future and by doing so make her contribution towards enabling mankind to live in peace.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The End of the Old Dominion

A TOURNAMENT is about to begin. At the back of the pavilion a flag flies from a tall pole. In front sit the ladies from whom will be chosen the Queen of Love and Beauty. A bugle blows; the riders line up, then at a prancing walk pass the pavilion in the Parade of Chivalry, each carrying a slender lance and wearing his colours on his sleeve. The rider on the big bay mare wears a black and orange mask. In turn they ride at the ring. Two lift it off on their lance every time; but on points of skill, the judgment goes to the knight in orange and black . . . You might think it was Scott describing the days of chivalry in *Ivanhoe;* or Disraeli describing the revived medievalism of the Eglinton Tournament in *Endymion.* But the flag over the pavilion is that of Virginia, the runners who bring the rings back to the riders are Negroes; and the scene is from a novel by Allen Tate first published in 1938 and now reissued with a most illuminating preface by Arthur Mizener*.

It is not only the tournament that brings Scott to mind in *The Fathers;* the novel, however, with which it has affinities is not *Ivanhoe,* but *Waverley.* The span between the action of *The Fathers* (1860-61) and the writing of it is comparable to the span between 1745 and the writing of *Waverley.* Both novelists write of events outside their own memories, but within that of people they have known. Both write of the last days of an order – the clan system in the Highlands, the half-feudal order of antebellum Virginia; both are realists. As there was no room in the Scotland of David Hume and the agricultural improvers for the chieftain Fergus MacIvor and his 500 claymores, so in the America of the Pennsylvania steel-mills and the spreading railroads there was no room for Major Buchan supporting, on his conservatively cultivated estate of Pleasant Hill, the ever-increasing families of his Negro servants. Yet the old orders had a style, a set of values – rating honour above personal advancement, hospitality above wealth – to which their commercially minded successors looked back with nostalgia. It is to the doomed men that both novelists give the finest passages – Fergus MacIvor's speech before his execution at Carlisle, meeting his death with a line from Virgil; Major Buchan's answer to the Yankee officer who gives him half an hour to leave his home before it is burnt – 'There is *nothing* that you can give to me, Sir' – before he goes in to hang himself.

Scott's statement of his aim in *Waverley* – 'to awaken the imagination, and benefit the understanding' – would not, I think, be disowned by Mr Tate, but their means could hardly be more different. Scott, charging along in the dawn of the historical novel, told his tale with artless gusto, stuffing it with information to prove his serious intention. Tate, writing after this particular currency has been debased – but after the scope of the novel as a whole has been so extended – constructs his story with the most conscious art and skill. It is told by Lacy Buchan in his old age, remembering the private and public events of 1860-61, when he was a boy of fifteen, and what they did to himself, to his father, his brothers, his sister Susan and her husband George Posey. He remembers them because he can still not fully understand:

> Is it not something to tell, when a score of people I knew and loved, people beyond whose lives I could imagine no other life, either out of violence in themselves or the times, or out of some misery or shame, scattered into the new life of the modern age where they cannot even find themselves? Why cannot life change without tangling the lives of innocent persons? Why do innocent persons cease their innocence and become violent and evil in themselves that such great changes may take place?

The resonance between his clear memory of the events and his lifetime's brooding over their significance is one of the finest things in the book.

We come back to the tournament. The knight in orange and black is George Posey; the girl whom he chooses as Queen of Love and Beauty is Susan, daughter of Major Lewis Buchan of Pleasant Hill. George Posey is the outsider in this assembly of Virginian gentry: he has won, because of the excellence of his bay mare Queen Susie; he was able to buy her because he had sold a Negro for fifteen hundred dollars, telling the man – 'You're liquid capital, I've got to have money.' The Buchans find this horrifying: 'He rode away on the back of a bay Negro' says one, bitterly. Money is disrupting a traditional society. But it is not a case of North *v.* South. George Posey is as much a Southerner as the rest of them; and Lacy Buchan in old age, musing on the differences between Buchans and Poseys, is trying to make out why George should have become the agent of destruction.

The Buchan household at Pleasant Hill seems to contain all the goodness of the old order. It is a society where, 'in order to make their livelihood, men do not have to put aside their moral natures'. To Major Buchan, Negroes can never be 'liquid capital': they are old Coriolanus who sits by him in his study, or old Lucy whom, at his wife's funeral, he leads by the hand to head the procession behind the coffin of her mistress. He speaks of his neighbours by the names of their estates – Carters of Ravensworth, Careys of Vaucluse – but he never calculates what they are worth, for houses are places to be enjoyed by a man and his heirs, not commodities which might be sold. The front gallery of Pleasant Hill sags on its posts, the paint on the weatherboarding is cracked, but he punctiliously entertains his neighbours and kinsmen. Life is lived with decorum and personal emotion does not intrude. At his wife's funeral, 'the old gentleman was crushed but in his sorrow he knew what everybody else was feeling, and in his high innocence he required that they know it too and be as polite as he'.

The Poseys used to have an estate in Maryland; but they left it to settle in Georgetown, where they are too grand to merge into the rising middle-class. They have ceased to have any function in society, and have trailed off into private lives of fantasy and obsession. George's mother sits in her room labelling cardboard boxes filled with the beads and gloves and knick-knacks of her youth; in the attic is his uncle Mr Jarman, who only comes down once a year. Surrounded by slop-pails, eggshells and dirty quill pens, he contemplates a Gibbonian history of civilisation, traces romantic genealogies, and converses in Ciceronian periods. It is a dead house, and there has been no family life for George to grow into, no channel of custom for his fierce energies. He is a man without people or place; unprotected by a code, he 'receives the shock of the world at the end of his nerves'. He has to make his own life, work out its own forms; he goes after money, for money is personal power. He wins the tournament and the hand of Susan Buchan, but he cannot find a place in the ordered Buchan world; their decorum and ceremony are to him as meaningless as the Gibbonian fantasies of Mr Jarman. When all the connection has assembled at Pleasant Hill for Mrs Buchan's funeral, George shocks them by mounting the bay mare and riding away:

> 'I can't even remember their names. I meet them but I don't know who they are. And by God they'll all starve to death, that's what they'll do. They do nothing but die and marry and think about the honour of Virginia.' He rammed his hands into his pockets and shouted: 'I want to be thrown to the hogs. I tell you I want to be thrown to the hogs'.

But the clash is not only between Buchans and Poseys – between settled tradition and violent individualism. As the story opens out, we begin to see the forces already sapping the civilised facade of Pleasant Hill from inside. Semmes Buchan, the brother who has brought George Posey into the family, casts an accounting eye over the unproductive estate – 'Twenty Negroes are too many for this place' – and fixes with George Posey for some Negroes whom his father thinks he has freed, to be sold to a slave-dealer and reduce Major Buchan's debt at the bank. The decorum which Major Buchan cultivates so scrupulously is no defence when his assured world begins to crumble. It fits him to disinherit his secessionist son 'reluctantly and without passion', but not to understand why his son is a secessionist. He reads *The Vanity of Human Wishes* and admires the poetic drama of G. W. P. Custis, *Cincinnatus Americanus: or the Triumphs of General G. Washington* ('Custis is a most accomplished gentleman. A very fine artist, sir! In the heroic style. And an elegant speaker'), but when it comes to the passions and perplexities of his own children

**The Fathers.* By ALLEN TATE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18s.

he is more helpless than old Coriolanus. The *ore rotundo* can school a man to meet the foreseen blows of death and bereavement with dignity; it can't cope with madness, or obsessive jealousy, or the extremes of passion, or unnatural death. Lacy sums it up: 'Our lives were eternally balanced upon a pedestal below which an abyss that I could not name. Within that invisible tension my father knew the moves of an intricate game that he expected everybody else to play.' Elsewhere he reflects, 'Is not civilisation the agreement, slowly arrived at, to let the abyss alone?'

Rooted in his Virginian loyalty, Major Buchan has no conception of the rest of the South, of the tensions on the cotton plantations of Alabama and Georgia. He lives by the historic myth that Virginian civilisation is the heir to the civilisation of Greece and Rome (and, indeed, to the code of medieval chivalry, as filtered through *Ivanhoe*). This myth has given dignity and style to life but it can no longer teach men how to live, either politically or personally. The culture is too thin, the disruptive forces too strong. Before the war begins, it is cracked beyond repair.

So, for his only novel, Mr Tate has taken a great subject. But it is a subject that he has never been far from during his forty years of writing: the nature of American – particularly Southern American – civilisation. Often, in the narrator's reflections, *The Fathers* echoes those essays of Mr Tate that consider the nature of tradition and its limitations; the relation of the individual to society; the illusion that the good personal life can be found entirely apart from the political order. Often the beautifully worked symbolism of the novel – the sagging gallery-post, the bay mare, the rifle on the wall – recalls the poet of 'Emblems', 'Aeneas at Washington', 'To the Lacedemonians' and 'Ode to the Confederate Dead'. But in *The Fathers* Mr Tate does what essay and poem cannot do: he works out these questions of men and society in terms of people, not abstractly, but with passion. We see the fine values of Virginian society lived out in Major Buchan, and in George Posey the destructive impulses of the man of heightened vitality and no direction. And in the whole story – clear in its outline but worked out with great subtlety, a masterpiece of formal beauty – we see people we can believe in, impelled by their roots, their upbringing, their ideals, to act at a certain moment of history in certain ways. The old man brooding over the events of fifty years ago keeps wondering if . . . if . . . might it not then have happened otherwise? But at the end of his tale – the house burnt, his father hanged, his brother killed, his sister mad – he cannot disentangle 'the domestic trials and the public crisis'. This portrayal of men in society, with all the interplay of the private on the public, the public on the private, is something only the novel can do; very rarely has it been done as powerfully as here. *The Fathers* completes and complements Allen Tate's other work; and it deserves to be recognised as one of the outstanding novels of our time.

JANET ADAM SMITH

I Stroll

My grey-barked trees wave me in
In my stout double-breasted with the buttons winking,
Shirt blue as the thistle-heads, grey-barked stick
To swing great circles on the morning
And eyes glistening green as the pool.
The dog leaves thundering as I glance at him;
I beam back at the sun, my hair is grey as gossamer;
The bird-shadows hunt like rats through the grass.
A cobweb plashes my face
And plucks a frown from my nature, but that will pass.

My trees, grey-barked, waft me in . . .
But the holly, stiff as carving, lashes my hand –
Lèse-majesté – I flick the blood-drop at its roots and listen to it wither
Like tissue-paper from my path.

My trees draw back and bristle as I enter the open space,
Dog growls because the couples do not rise,
But I motion silence, and walk among them considering offspring,
And the sun hides his face:

They shall have a boy, and those a statesman,
That one will miscarry, and that die in infancy,
A whore for the blond ones, and a centenarian under the hedge,
And no issue for the one that lies on his side and sneers at his partner;
I finish, and the sun ducks out of hiding . . .

As I stroll among my human creation
In my park along my walks, disguised,
Waggling my fat caterpillar-eyebrows,
Evening mist-tides, hissing past my brogues.

PETER REDGROVE

Feathery Grasses

Feathery grasses blowing in the wind,
grass out of cracks among tiered seats of stone
where a Greek theatre swarmed with audience,
till Time's door shut upon
the stir, the eloquence.

A hawk waiting above the enormous plain,
lying upon the nothing of the air,
a hawk who turns at some sky-wave or lull
this way, and after there
as dial needles prowl.

Cool water jetting from a drinking fountain
in crag-lands, miles from any peopled spot,
year upon year with its indifferent flow:
sound that is and is not;
the wet stone trodden low.

There is no name for such strong liberation:
I drift their way; I need what their world lends;
then, chilled by one thought further still than those,
I swerve towards life and friends
before the trap-fangs close.

BERNARD SPENCER

"the magic of a fiction completely matured,

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HEINEMANN

Roosevelt Plain

The Coming of the New Deal. By A. M. SCHLESINGER, JR. *Heinemann.* 63*s.*

Off the Record with FDR. By WILLIAM D. HASSETT. *Allen & Unwin.* 28*s.*

Roosevelt and Modern America. By JOHN A. WOODS. *English Universities Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In the first week of March 1933 nearly half a million Americans wrote letters to the incoming President – most of them halting, humble letters to a man who found himself, the morning after his inauguration, alone in the presidential chair, seated at an empty desk, without even pencil or pad to make a note. Characteristically, Franklin Delano Roosevelt gave a great shout to call in his personal staff.

There is a happy symbolism in this opening scene from the second of Professor Schlesinger's volumes on the Age of Roosevelt. For it points two contrasts, that between Roosevelt and his sour predecessor, and that between Roosevelt's self-confidence and the desperation of most of his fellow Americans. That day, all the banks in the United States were closed; in three years, industrial production had dropped by half, the bottom had fallen out of farm prices, millions were workless and closer to starvation than we now care to remember. The system had failed; those whose nostrums had been built upon the system had failed with it. While they continued to peddle their ideas about balanced budgets, stable money and the gold standard – to the great if only initial confusion of a President elected on exactly those slogans – Roosevelt himself was prepared to try anything that worked, that, in his own phrase, was 'alive'. It may now seem comical that, each morning, he, Jesse Jones and Henry Morgenthau would meet to fix the day's price of gold, and that Roosevelt would pick on a lucky number. But, in the circumstances, it was as good as any other method, and much better than those that Wall Street was urging.

This willingness to try new ideas and methods, the capacity for experiment, was perhaps the outstanding trait of Roosevelt, and one that served him and America well when, as Mr Schlesinger rightly puts it, he found himself 'at the breaking point between an old world and a new one'. It was a trait, moreover, which explains why he chose to surround himself and staff his government agencies with men who differed so sharply with one another: he was the single buyer in their market-place of ideas, and if to some of them he appeared inconsistent or disloyal as he picked and chose, that was the prerogative of his position. Almost all of them, Mr Schlesinger points out, have written about him from the standpoint of subordinate: only he could look down and select those policies which accorded with his private instinct of the American future. And it is the merit of this book, clear, scholarly but deeply committed to the Roosevelt vision, that it sees him plain, and makes the reader see the New Deal whole.

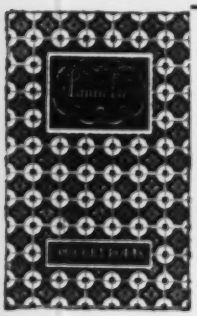
As I read through the mass of detailed material that Mr Schlesinger has processed for us, I found myself recurring again and again to one thought. How did that first phase of the New Deal compare with the first few years of the Attlee government? True, the problems were different. Roosevelt had to put a bankrupt system in business again: he had to match idle men and idle resources. Attlee, on the contrary, inherited an economy plagued by shortages, not surpluses. But both assumed office at a moment of crisis, a breaking-point between two worlds, when the conventional wisdom was discredited and the people were ready for change. Both, moreover, were grappling with the same essential question – how, in a mixed economy, to redress the balance of public and private interest without discouraging private interests to the point where the mixed economy becomes unworkable. Neither Roosevelt nor Attlee could dispense with the private sector, for all their emphasis on the role of government: their larger economic objectives were unattainable unless they helped capitalism out of its difficulties, even though capitalist recovery hampered and, indeed, was incompatible with their larger social objectives. This problem is the dilemma of Buridan's Ass, restated for the modern social reformer. If the Labour Party had found a means of resolving it, there would have been no succession of defeats.

That is an additional reason for studying this book carefully, for the New Dealers had a wealth of experience in this respect which, with the notable exception of John Strachey, Labour theoreticians neglected. There were the same difficulties about priorities, about forms of control, about the complex relations between government and business. There was even the same euphoria about the 'silent revolution' that was leading, in fact, to the affluent society. When, as I clearly recall in the post-1945 years, people on the Left spoke disparagingly of Roosevelt for merely 'saving capitalism from itself', they might have been less disparaging and more anxious if they had seen the parallel between the man in the White House and the man in Downing Street.

In many ways, moreover, Roosevelt will get the better of the comparison. He was as good at public relations as Attlee was bad; he had the chance to get spectacular results where Attlee had little room for manœuvre; above all, he had no doctrinal commitment that made it difficult for him to ride the tide of capitalist recovery. But, even with those qualifications, the record still looks remarkable – and it helps us to see the achievements of the 1945 government in perspective. Let me quote only a few examples. Six months after Roosevelt took office, Harry Hopkins took charge of the Civil Works Administration and set himself the target of four million jobs in four weeks. It took him eight weeks to reach it. They were, admittedly, fairly simple relief-style jobs, but in the fourteen weeks that CWA existed, it built or improved 500,000 miles of secondary roads, 40,000 schools, created 500 local airfields, developed parks, playgrounds, and swimming-pools across the nation. It recruited, found work for and paid more people than the US Army enlisted in the first world war. It was succeeded by the Public Works Administration, which did much to give America up-to-date social capital, building highways, canals, flood control projects, electric power plants, tunnels, sewage and water system, museums, the TVA, Grand Coulee, Bonneville and all that. At the same time, Roosevelt and his associates had to restore a bankrupt banking system, do something to rescue the farmers and the working class from disaster, start production and trade moving again, introduce a new social security scheme, create conditions in which genuine trade unionism was possible, find their way to a new monetary policy and clear up the stock market mess. Looking back at this distance, the astonishing thing is not that the New Dealers made mistakes, or that they failed in some means and ends, but that so much was done. At a time when the 'practical men' could do little but mouth dogmatic nonsense, the chain-talking 'doctrinaires' – professors, social workers, lawyers – turned out to be supreme pragmatists.

It is true that the New Deal did not solve the problems of American capitalism: rearmament and the war were needed to do that. It is also true that many of its brighter visions of society dulled fast. We shall, no doubt, learn more of this when the later volumes of this splendid series are written. (This one carries us merely to 1934.) But we have not yet wrung all the possible lessons out of that period. It is worth going to school again, with Mr Schlesinger's book as the primer. Primer, in a more strict sense, is the word to use for the taut summary by Dr Woods. Faced by the near-impossible task of putting everything in, he has almost squeezed Roosevelt out. He has produced, in effect, a book that reads like a long entry in an encyclopedia. The trouble with this kind of book is that if you know anything about Roosevelt it is not much use reading it, and if you know nothing its bone-dry style is liable to put you off the man for good. The converse is true of Mr Hassett's chatty diary of FDR in a relaxed mood – weekends snatched from war and politics – at the White House and Warm Springs. Mr Jonathan Daniels does his best in a foreword to argue that this is an important book, but it adds precious little to the existing portraits of Roosevelt: too many of his assistants and subordinates have got there first for the trivial jottings of an assistant secretary to make much mark. There are, it is true, some amusing notes on visiting royalty and politicians, but Mr Hassett was well outside the inner circle – a point that his book underlines rather than conceals.

NORMAN MACKENZIE



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VISTA BOOKS

A Sicilian Novel

The Leopard. By GIUSEPPE DI LAMPEDUSA. *Collins* with *Harvill.* 16*s.*

A life of procrastination and a last few months of inspired panic lie behind this extraordinary Sicilian comedy. Its author, the Prince of Lampedusa, was a figure in the society of Palermo, passionately concerned with literature and known for his devotion to Stendhal above all others – in short, a sardonic dilettante. No one supposed he would ever get down to writing the book he was always talking about, this mixture of a novel and a memoir of an aristocratic family at the beginning of its decline in the eighteen-sixties. He was moved to it only when he was told he had just a short time to live. Fortunately for us, the urgency obliged him to distil the essence of the kind of subject which has been clogged with historical detail, turgid eroticism, indignant social moralising and dubious nostalgia by more effusive fictioneers. He takes the Salina family at the time of Garibaldi, notes the ironies of the political situation, and shows how the gigantic and long-headed old Prince Fabrizio marries off his clever nephew to a beauty of great fortune and low origin, at the expense of his daughter's heart. Loyalties are in flux. There is no time for sentiment. Fabrizio is warm-hearted but anti-romantic. If an ancient family is to survive it must keep its eye on economic realities. It must discreetly drift to the side of the so-called Liberals, who are simply the new-rich and their lawyers; it must temporarily disown its traditional partnership with the other land-owning party, the Church – in short, 'swallow toad,' in the long knowledge that nothing will really have changed. The comedy, a little sad, a little corrupt, a bit remorseful but always serious in its laughter, succeeds. The Prince does not live to see one cruel and farcical consequence: the religious aberration of his disappointed daughter. The leap forward from 1860 to 1910 in the epilogue of the book is a shock and, perhaps, disjoints it; but it emphasises two underlying themes: the analysis of aristocratic temperament and manners and the tragic mystery of the wearing away of life.

In a book of this kind everything depends on the writing. The Prince has taken everything from Stendhal except his coldness and abruptness. Compassionate and smiling, disillusioned and yet lyrical, he conveys his subject by catching its day-to-day life rather than its high moments, looking back to where sun or absurdity or tenderness marks the hours. The torrid Sicilian summer, blackening everything, hammers down on the Duke's domains. The Prince sways between affection for his family, sensual temptation and uneasy remorse. His delicacy of mind is in conflict with a masterful, hot-tempered, laughing and Machiavellian nature. A sense of the grotesque – the deep secretiveness of the Sicilians, for example – goes with a sensibility to the passing of time and a horrified fascination with death. We see him maddened by the foolishness of his wife, silencing her and being sorry for her. Why does she have to cross herself at the height of sexual embrace? We see him making fun of his Jesuit confessor whom he once receives while taking a bath.

> Father Pirrone came in at the very moment when, no longer veiled by soapy water, he was emerging quite naked, like the Farnese Hercules, and steaming as well, while water flowed in streams from neck, arms, stomach and legs like the Rhone, the Rhine, the Danube and

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JOHN MURRAY

the Adige crossing and watering Alpine ranges. The sight of the Prince in a state of nature was quite new to Father Pirrone; the sacrament of Penance had accustomed him to naked souls; but he was far less used to naked bodies; and he, who would not have blinked an eyelid at hearing the confession, say, of an incestuous intrigue, found himself flustered by this innocent but vast expanse of naked flesh. He stuttered an excuse and made to back out; but Don Fabrizio, annoyed at not having time to cover himself, naturally turned his irritation against the priest. 'Now, Father, don't be silly; hand me that towel, will you, and help me to dry, if you don't mind'. Then suddenly he remembered a discussion they had once had and went on: 'And take my advice, Father, have a bath yourself'. Satisfied at being able to give advice on hygiene to one who so often gave it to him on morals, he felt soothed. With the upper part of the towel in his hands at last he began drying his hair, whiskers and neck while with the lower end the humiliated Father Pirrone rubbed his feet . . .

Don Fabrizio lost patience. 'Well, come on, Father . . .' And his raised arm seemed to be threatening; in fact he was drying an armpit.

The Prince is a master of negotiation and intrigue. When, impulsively, he confides to his organist the decision to compromise the family dignity by the profitable mésalliance, he locks the man in the gunroom so that he shan't go spreading the news first! There are no flies on the Prince. Yet the great beauty of the girl who is offered in marriage influences him even more than the money. She will coarsen (he sees) and she will have to be taught the stern demands of aristocratic triviality; to have, for example, the proper attitude to 'our things' but, in the meantime, she is lovely, sensual, desirable and brings to him the unspeakable torment of realising his own youth is over. The engagement party is superb; the introduction of the girl's astute and vulgar father into society is wonderfully comical. And while one is laughing one is also absorbing from this novel serious reflections on class-consciousness, the condition of Sicily, the course of politics, on the complexity of human beings who have so many faces; and one is made to feel pain before the golden indifference of time passing and accept resignation to the inevitable disgusts of the flesh. The laughter of the Prince cuts deeply; irony has neither killed his elation nor spoiled his heart. I do not wonder at the praise this novel has received in Italy. Mr Colquhoun's translation seems excellent.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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LONGMANS

Printable Joys

The Swinburne Letters, Vols I and II. Edited by CECIL Y. LANG. *Oxford: Yale.* 84*s.*

The Yale edition of Swinburne's letters will comprise eventually some 2,000 original documents, tracked down in public libraries and private collections, annotated to the last decimal point in accordance with the rigid tenets of American research scholarship, and published in six heavy and expensive volumes at a financial loss as a service to English literature and mankind in general. Naturally many of the letters have appeared in previous collections of Swinburne's writings, often in garbled or truncated condition. But a cache or two of manuscripts, commonly classified as 'unprinted and unprintable', have always been known to be tucked away, many of them in the erotica cubby-holes of the British Museum; these the editor has unearthed and resolutely decided to print unexpurgated. Mr Lang is to be congratulated on his courage and integrity. 'The raptures and roses of vice', with their suggestion of vast unprintable joys, can now be identified and cut down to size: and Swinburne turns out to be not such a versatile voluptuary after all. As for obscene language, he did not care to write smutty words in English at full length; and he often escaped into the comparative decency of French.

These first two volumes, running from 1854 to 1875, contain 600 letters of Swinburne from the age of 17 to 38, during his heyday as a lyrical poet, when he was widely acclaimed – and tended to acclaim himself – as Shelley re-born, an atheist, a republican and a defiant exponent of 'the fleshly school of poetry'. In his introduction Mr Lang with a great flourish of erudition cannot resist the chance to assess Swinburne's claims to our attention as a poet, a critic, and a thinker, as if he were opening an Eng.Lit. seminar. Whom did Swinburne derive from. Evaluate his influence. Who derives today from Swinburne? And so on. But for the unacademical reader such questions will not arise. This enormous mixed bag of correspondence, ranging from laborious proof-correcting and fussification over the publishing of his poems, to the transports of admiration for his heroes like Victor Hugo and Mazzini and blasts of fury at the villainy of Napoleon and Christianity, portray Swinburne, not in the annals of literature but in the rough and tumble of life, with the excitability, fecklessness, irritability and relentless egotism that his family and friends had to put up with.

Apart from the tardy exposure of Swinburne's sexual attitude it cannot be said that these two volumes clarify other mysteries in his early life. In 1854 Swinburne was a precocious youth who had just left Eton, with an enormous head, a short spindly body, a belief in God and bright red hair ('Little Carrots' his pre-Raphaelite friends were to call him). Four years later he was at Balliol winning scholarships but without his faith. (Who robbed him of it? Professor Jowett? Nobody knows.) Two years later he was sent down from Oxford – for no known reason. In 1861 he published his first poems and met Monckton Milnes, who shared his enthusiasm for the Marquis de Sade. (That Monckton Milnes corrupted his innocence is completely disproved by Swinburne's letters.) *Atalanta in Calydon* in 1865 brought him fame and a taste for alcohol: for the next 15 years he was always drinking too much and occasionally having fits. His masochistic proclivities may have been satisfied by visits to an establishment in St Johns Wood kept by a stern lady. But, if one may hazard a guess, his main indulgence was literary, writing off fantasies of beating small boys with birch rods to his congenial friends. At the age of thirty he enjoyed a few months of what he termed 'riotous concubinage' with Adah Menken, the enterprising lady who appeared on the stage in flesh-coloured tights strapped on the back of a horse in *Mazeppa's Ride*. The charge of homosexuality, which Mr Lang does not altogether decry, ought to be rejected on the strength of a letter where Swinburne refers to Simeon Solomon, a a notorious homosexual, in terms which would come very amiss from a fellow-practitioner: Swinburne may have become a humbug in the later limbo of The Pines, but he was proud of his vices in 1873. Unfortunately no new letters throw any further light on the tendency of Swinburne's friendships to collapse. How did Monckton Milnes change so abruptly into 'an unctuous eel'? Why did Gabriel Rossetti, his dearest friend in early days, never want to see him again? In spite of its gallant decision to print the unprintable, the Yale edition of Swinburne is still leaving a lot of questions unanswered.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Revolution Betrayed

The Communist Party of the Soviet Union. By LEONARD SCHAPIRO. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 63*s.*

What went wrong? To many Socialists that is the central question in Soviet history. For the Bolshevik Revolution was made in the name of Socialism – yet it triumphed by betraying everything that Socialism stands for. The society Lenin and Stalin built is a mockery of the hopes of 1917 and 1905. Marxism claimed to be scientific: in Russia it has become as degrading a superstition as anything preached by the Orthodox priesthood. Marxism appealed to the proletariat: Russia is now as bourgeois as Victorian England, and even today the proletariat is ruthlessly exploited. Marxism aimed at equality and the withering away of the State: the Russian elite could have come out of the pages of *Hard Times* or *Oil*, and the State is more oppressive – and infinitely more efficient – than it was in the days of Nicholas I. Why?

For Mr Schapiro, the answer is simple; and he supports it with such an accumulation of detail, and such unanswerable logic, that one cannot help being convinced. His answer is that nothing *went* wrong: the Bolsheviks were wrong from the start. Stalin's crimes were the fruit of Lenin's dogmas – the only possible fruit. For Lenin was not forced into becoming a dictator by the situation that met

him after seizing power. He had been a dictator for most of his political life – though his only realm was the Bolshevik faction of the Russian Social Democratic Party. To him, the cause of Marxism was indistinguishable from his own personal power and its ruthless aggrandisement. For their joint sakes, he was prepared to cheat, lie, steal, go back on his word – and eventually to kill. It is only fair to add that he was equally prepared to go into exile, to deny himself the possibility of normal life, to work himself to death. But he drove others as hard as he drove himself. When the Social Democratic party was with him, he insisted on rigid discipline. When the majority turned against him, he broke the party in two and acquired over his own faction the absolute power which eluded him in the party as a whole.

Even Stalin's perversions of Marxism were already implicit in Lenin's adaptation of Marxism to Russian conditions. Lenin claimed to speak for the proletariat: he refused to admit that the proletariat could speak for itself. He fought savagely and with complete lack of scruple the attempt to create an autonomous working-class party on Russian soil. For him, the workers were the cannon-fodder of revolution and they must be allowed no part in planning it. Trade unions were suspect, for they would be entangled in the petty compromises of collective bargaining. Parliamentary action was suspect for the same reason. The Revolution could not come till the working class was ready – but it was not for the working class itself to say when that time had come. Lenin, in his exile in Switzerland, knew better than the workers of Moscow or St Petersburg what their interests really were.

But if Lenin, the exile, knew better than the workers did what their interests were, surely Lenin, the head of the first workers' state, knew even better? And if the workers rose up against him, surely that was only because they did not understand? Very well, they must be made to understand. It was the same with the subject peoples of the old Russian Empire. They had supported the Revolution for the sake of liberation, and Lenin, as a devoted internationalist, had been in favour of giving them the maximum self-determination. But when he reached the Kremlin, the situation looked different. Surely, the non-Russian peoples must see that once the Russian state had been captured by the forces of international socialism it no longer could oppress them? And if they persisted in opposing it, surely that could only be because they were themselves petty-bourgeois chauvinists? What good Marxist would object to shooting down a few petty-bourgeois chauvinists?

It was left for Stalin to add the final treachery. Mr Schapiro has no illusions about the Old Bolsheviks: they were ignorant, cruel, and bigoted. But they were at least genuine revolutionaries, whose lives had been given to a cause outsides themselves. Under Stalin, their party was transformed into a privileged elite. In the early years of the Revolution, the party tried to recruit workers and peasants: by the late Thirties, it was more anxious to recruit technicians. Yet even this was the logical outcome of Lenin's mistakes. For he had bequeathed an impossible situation – and betrayal was the only way out. Under the NEP, Russia was not moving towards Socialism. Agriculture was becoming more prosperous, at the expense of industry and the workers. Betrayal. But the only solution was to force the pace of industrialisation, if necessary by terror.

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SIXPENCE EVERY FRIDAY

Betrayal again. Trotsky once wrote a book called *The Revolution Betrayed*. Mr Schapiro's moral is that the Revolution was indeed betrayed – but before it had taken place.

DAVID MARQUAND

Conformist Rebel

The Buried Day. By C. DAY LEWIS. *Cape.* 25*s.*

Mr Day Lewis is known to the general public as a poet; and he is also remembered rightly or wrongly as one of the key figures of the literary movement of the Thirties. So I imagine that many people will reach for his autobiography in the no doubt vulgar wish to find out first what sort of creature a poet is and how he comes about and, secondly, how the Thirties felt to him. It is only fair to warn such that they are in danger of being disappointed on both counts. Mr Day Lewis is altogether too unexhibitionist a character to play either of these roles in public. His poetry is evidently his life; but he is too good-mannered to talk about it overtly, only incidentally. While of his part in the literary movement of the Thirties, he disclaims a central role, is affectionately tolerant of the younger self who joined the Communist Party, and dismisses the whole episode in a mere 16 of his 250 pages.

The impulse of his book would seem to have come rather from the necessity, at long last possible, to come to terms with the central figure of his youth – a dangerously over-devoted father. In the midst of a happy childhood in Ireland, London and Nottinghamshire there was the early loss of his mother. His father was a clergyman, a volatile moody man, caught between two worlds, too late to be a Victorian, too early to be a modern, with the authoritarian streak of the old paterfamilias, but without the stability of circumstances or temperament to give it bottom. His wife dying, he deposited the whole weight of his love upon his son. And since that love was as much an expression of the father's insecurity as of his wish to protect, it was a heavy burden for a child to bear.

Such a love, not disinterested but projecting its own image on the object, may seem paradisal in childhood, but in adolescence it is deadly. The young Day Lewis had the strength to break the hold, but grapples like this are long lasting in their effect; and we can trace that effect in all that follows, the protracted adolescence, the perpetual conflict between the rebel and the conformer. Yet this conflict need not be all loss: it may result, as perhaps it did with the young Day Lewis, in having, though at a considerable cost, something of the best of both worlds. It can allow the conformer to enjoy experiences which the rebel may disapprove of. Thus at Sherborne School (which in the poet's day differed very little, it seems, from Alec Waugh's account of it in *The Loom of Youth*) he is able to appreciate the rich seam of character in even the most reactionary of the masters, and to enjoy the display of physical prowess in the compulsory games that the rebel regarded as a fetish; and later as a schoolmaster he can find satisfaction in perpetuating the middle class rituals and *mores* (which do after all have their own purposes and beauties), and at the same time organise the local branch of the CP. Such a dichotomy would not perhaps have worked successfully for very long at a school like the Cheltenham of those days. It was already providing its blow-ups, when a secondary line of detective-story writing gave him a get-out.

Perhaps Oxford, with its sudden flowering of freedoms and friendships with men like Maurice Bowra, Auden, Rex Warner, was the happiest period. And perhaps the cost of such a dangerous balance of opposites in one temperament was severest in the personal relationships of love and marriage round which he only skirts.

In a postscript Mr Day Lewis indicates that the problem was resolved there, too; and it is that resolution that enables him to rummage through his youth without rancour, to accept the past, tolerate its bad moments, and celebrate its many more good ones in passage after passage which will delight the reader with their wit, their warmth and their pleasure in the human scene.

RICHARD LISTER

Fire and Clay

Robert Bridges and Gerard Hopkins: A Literary Friendship. By JEAN-GEORGES RITZ. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Immediately after Hopkins's death in 1889 Bridges got back all the letters he had written to his friend during the past 26 years and destroyed them. It is therefore difficult to reconstruct with certainty the course of the friendship. Professor Jean-Georges Ritz has done it painstakingly and impartially, with due regard for the subtler nuances of a very strange association. What emerges is substantially this: the two were contemporaries at Oxford, where common interests in religion, literature and the classics drew them together. Then Hopkins's conversion to Roman Catholicism produced an estrangement, and his subsequent reception into the Jesuit order aroused positive antagonism, and even disgust, in Bridges. They could no longer discuss the subject nearest to Hopkins's heart; the rift widened; yet Hopkins felt a profound emotional need to continue the relation with his once intimate friend, if only a basis could be found. Then suddenly, in the Seventies, when Bridges began to take poetry seriously, he sought the advice and help of Hopkins, whose superior judgment he recognised. He came to depend on him for technical criticism, which was given freely and frankly.

Poetically, Hopkins was an original, Bridges a borrower. His pseudo-classical dramas and lyrics are curiously bloodless. On the other hand, he felt that the force of Hopkins's originality, though he did his utmost to discourage its 'freakishness'. He borrowed Hopkins's highly individual 'sprung rhythm' and in so doing aroused his friend's amused scorn. Hopkins knew that Bridges had no real understanding of what he was trying to do.

Bridges was a complex and contradictory character, not at all easy to understand. He was vain, grumpy, opinionated and ambitious; he knew that his own verse was inferior, and his conduct in the matter of publishing Hopkins's poems remains questionable. He was torn between loyalty to his friend and an extreme personal aversion to some of his most striking poetic inventions. It seems that he seriously considered issuing some of the poems immediately after Hopkins's death. Why the scheme was dropped has never been fully revealed. But there is a very curious letter written in 1890 on this matter to Hopkins's mother (now quoted for the first time from the MS. in the Bodleian).

> I should myself prefer the postponement of the poems till the memoir is written, *or* till I have got my own method of prosody recognised separately from Gerard's. They are the same, and he has the greater claim than I to the origination of it, but he has used it so as to discredit it: and it would be a bad start in favour for the practice we both advocated and wished to be used.

Coupled with the recognition of Hopkins's superior genius, there is here evidently a profound jealousy – what Blake called 'the poison of the honey bee'. It must also be taken into account that Bridges admitted how he only published his 1918 edition of the poems, with its deplorable preface, after growing pressure from people of influence and discernment, such as Sir Walter Raleigh.

All this has to be reconciled with the fact that Hopkins gladly and eagerly sought Bridges's friendship, regarded him as almost his only public, and encouraged him with singularly generous praise to pursue a poetic vocation he had grave doubts about. It follows that no condemnation of Bridges can be either simple or unqualified.

It is to Professor Ritz's credit to have laid out the available facts with care and discretion, but his English is not always unexceptionable and the first part of the story is dull. It grows in interest, however, as it progresses, if only because of the gradual revelation of Hopkins's firm but gentle nature and his sensitive and flexible intelligence. It is the record of a marriage of two strongly contrasted minds. After all, Hopkins adopted the Jesuit creed as a punishment for his ambitious and sensuous humanity: might he not have sought Bridges as a punishment for his original and soaring genius? Fire burns well on a basis of clay.

JAMES REEVES

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New Short Stories

The Magic Barrel. By Bernard Malamud. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

Ring Delirium 123. By Gwyn Thomas. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

South African Stories. Ed. David Wright. *Faber.* 16*s.*

Irish Short Stories. Ed. Valentin Iremonger. *Faber.* 15*s.*

We are the Living. By Erskine Caldwell. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

'A parade of the unusual, the colourful, the odd,' is what Mr Valentin Iremonger says his anthology of Irish stories is not. But isn't it what nearly all collections of short stories are, nowadays? We keep hearing that the short story has died the death. In fact it goes on surviving, but it survives most strongly among those writers who are able to draw upon some local pool of strong, ready made culture and from this pool they usually produce – well, the unusual, the colourful, the odd. No Welshman is ever short of a short story. There will be Irish short stories when the English short story has vanished, and there will be Jewish short stories for ever. They still tell them to one another.

One reason why I salute Mr Malamud is that in *The Magic Barrel* he keeps right off the hokum-schmokum, I-should-drop-dead folksy kind of Jewish story for which, I am sure, we would have been all too pathetically grateful. Although these are mainly Jewish stories, Mr Malamud, who seems to be a considerable writer, has got his characters well in the mainstream of human experience. He writes with effortless effect about more or less ordinary people: sometimes with irony, as in 'The Lady of the Lake' in which a young Jew who conceals his religious identity is spurned by the girl he loves, a Buchenwald survivor, because he is not a Jew; sometimes with great simplicity, as in 'A Summer's Reading' about a boy who kids the neighbourhood that he is spending his summer studying and then, in the autumn, he goes at last to the library, 'where he hadn't been in years. There were books all over the place, wherever he looked . . . he easily counted off a hundred, then sat down at a table to read.' Mr Malamud is the first writer since William Faulkner to receive the American National Book Award for a volume of short stories. He well deserves it. The man has style.

Coming up to the Welsh entry, without joining in the popular game of Whom Does Gwyn Thomas Remind You Of?, it is difficult to think of anything new to say about the wild bard of Meadow Prospect. He has already been compared to everybody who is anybody from Aristophanes to H. G. Wells, and to say that he is a Welsh P. G. Wodehouse is to quote a name that has already been used. However, a Welsh P. G. Wodehouse is what Mr Thomas is, and the wilder bards of Mr Gollancz's blurb-writing department will have to like it or lump it. Mr Thomas shares with Wodehouse the facility for handling about 25 ingredients of comedy at the same time, juggling with under-statement, over-statement, irony, juxtaposition, generalisation, periphrasis, syllepsis, and everything else that Fowler warns humorists against, and all to devastating effect. In the two dozen or so short bursts of *Ring Delirium 123* the technique is more visible to the naked eye than in some of Mr Thomas's longer stories, but even when he is

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predictable, as all humorists are, there are so many ways for him to be predictable in that it doesn't really matter. Nothing, for example, could be more obvious that the 'climactic catalogue kind of sentence, in which you take three statements of ascending absurdity, but Mr Thomas still slays me with this kind of thing:

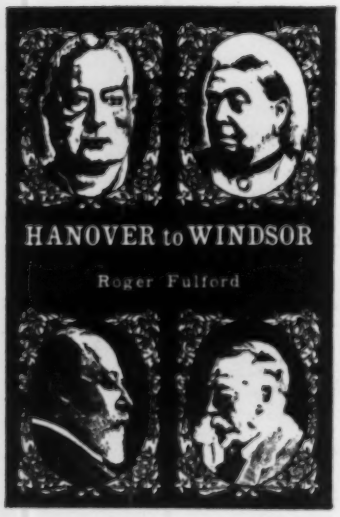
> In the course of one week Wynzie Phipps had four summonses issued against him . . One was for leaving a car parked without lights outside the house of a lady who was at the time making Wynzie careless of all regulations, two were for using ancient and dangerous vehicles in his scrap business and the fourth was for alleged complicity in the theft of the entire roof of the Belmont band-stand.'

Predictability isn't always as easy to take. I was reluctant to open *South African Stories* because South Africa, although well-served by writers, seems to be served by only about four basic themes for short stories. There is the dignity-of-the-old-settler story, with liberal references to wildebeestes and whatever, the humorous native-in-the-big-city story, the loneliness-in-the-veldt story, the racial tension story, and that just about takes care of South Africa. Mr Wright, however, has mercifully not given us a historically representative collection but has chosen 17 stories by contemporary writers living or born in South Africa, and very refreshing some of them are. The racial tension theme is most subtly represented by Dan Jacobson in 'A Day in the Country', about an ineffective quarrel between a Jew and an Afrikaner over a Kaffir boy; Doris Lessing is in charge of the boredom-in-the-veldt division and almost succeeds in giving it a new look; and even the humorous native-in-the-city story is funny at last, with a hilarious tale by Ronald Byron about the predicament of a modern-minded Bantu family when a witch-doctor's daughter comes to sleep on the floor on the same day their son is to marry a film-star.

When we get back to those Irish stories, Mr Iremonger, it turns out, is right about them not being odd or whimsical. Once past an excruciating bit of old Oirish from Somerville and Ross we come to some very worthwhile stuff, notably a story about a seduction that failed, 'Vladivostok' by Maurice Kennedy, and 'The Eagles and the Trumpets' by James Plunkett, both of them faintly in the *Dubliners* tradition which, thank God, keeps Irish writers out of the divil-take-ye bog of writing.

In Mr Erskine Caldwell's collection we have 20 of God's little acres, mainly the familiar portion of brooding heat, violence, forbidden fruits, etc. There is a leavening of humour, and some of the best stories are the funniest – *e.g.* 'Country Full of Swedes', an uproarious tale in which the state of Maine appears to be overrun by mad Swedish immigrants. Otherwise the stories oscillate between irritating obscurity and thumping perspicuity, and there are very few that I would place above magazine level. It's something, however, for a short story writer to have magazines to level at. Mr Caldwell's stories previously appeared in ten American magazines; Mr Thomas's appeared in one English magazine, and I can't think of many more that could have accommodated him.

KEITH WATERHOUSE



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African Questions

A New Deal in Central Africa. Edited by COLIN LEYS and CRANFORD PRATT. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

This collection of ambiguities about the past, present and future of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland smells not only of the study but of the grave. Too many contributors, separated from up-to-date experience of their subjects by long distances in time and space, reason from past premises and stale statistics that the wind of change has blown away.

What, for instance, is the current value of a first-hand account by Clutton-Brock of a detainee's arrest during the Southern Rhodesian Emergency of early 1958? The ground has been traversed innumerable times. What we require now is a knowledgeable analysis of the part played by what is probably its immediate cause, the inadequacy and incompetence of the Native Affairs Department, 'a state within a state' recently revealed to shuddering Rhodesians as approaching the point of internal collapse. Where in this book is there any appraisal whatsoever of the rapid rise of the post-Emergency African parties, the Malawi Congress in Nyasaland, the United National Independence Party of Northern Rhodesia and the National Democratic Party in Southern Rhodesia? Or of how sudden African allegiance to the latter has almost brought Garfield Todd's multiracial Central African Party to its knees? Macmillan, Macleod, Monckton – these names are not even in the index.

Professor Barber, of Wesleyan University, USA, who appears to have been last in Central Africa in 1955, deals with 'The Economic Argument' without mentioning, except in a note, the Native Land Husbandry Act, a revolutionary measure which has created acute and almost unsolvable problems for the Southern Rhodesian native by driving him off the land into the towns. As one of its side-effects is to restrict the customary migration of labour from adjoining territories, including poor Nyasaland, it lies, alongside the Land Apportionment Act, at the very root of the prevailing economic and racial distress. Mention too should surely have been made of the sinister influence wielded by the large monopolistic municipalities in the realms of land-values and native housing, and of the long-drawn-out fight by the European Railway Unions for 'the rate for the job' to hold back the promised African advancement.

It would be most unfair to imply that Professor Barber's contribution is especially guilty of important omissions, for most of the others show signs of having been overtaken by the speed of events. What is most surprising is to find Colin Leys, whose *European Politics in Southern Rhodesia* is a model of comprehensive accuracy, presenting an incorrect list of powers as divided between the Federal and Territorial Governments, and, as joint-editor, allowing the European population of Southern Rhodesia to be given variously as 180,000 and 215,000, and the number of African secondary schools in the Federation as only two.

In 'The Essentials of a New Deal', the creative finale to this rather creaking symposium, the main proposal is that the Africans might be satisfied, for the time being, with equality of representation with the Europeans at the ballot-box: that is, 50 per cent of the Federal votes. Thereafter voting strength would be gradually adjusted to give the Africans a clear majority. The alternative suggested would be the dismemberment of the Federation into its component parts. Some doubt is expressed about African willingness to accept this period of transition. Since the writing of this book that doubt has been blown up to a certainty.

DENIS GRUNDY

The Management View

Human Relations in a Fully Employed Democracy. By JOHN MUNRO FRASER. *Pitman.* 30*s.*

Mr Fraser's book is a comprehensive summary of the management view of human relations in industry. He believes that the principal task of modern management is to 'draw out and canalise the motivations of the individual in the pursuit of the corporate goal', and much of his book is therefore concerned with the nature of human motivation. 'Ego involvement', 'leadership roles' and 'status frustrations' are the constant themes, and due space is even allotted to the Pueblo Indians, the Dobuans, the Kwakiutl and some of the favoured subjects of anthropology.

The apparent purpose of this excursus into 'applied social psychology' is to show how the 'whole person' can be 'enlisted' in the service of industry, and its message seems to be carried in the section heading which proclaims 'The Need to Belong and the Need to be Appreciated'. But the appearance is deceptive, and what starts as a plea for 'responsible, adult participation' in industry has come to resemble, by the concluding chapters, a discussion how consent can be engineered, and motivation manipulated.

The transition – an uneasy one – is made possible by a descriptive analysis of 'Our

Present Way of Life' which is concrete enough on the commonplace trivialities of 'status' (rugger and golf, soccer and fish bars), but seems remarkably imprecise on the larger questions of class, authority and power. There is no Stock Exchange in Mr Fraser's picture of business, and no profit motive; all that he allows to exist is the 'financial function of management' ('a series of routines which are of little interest to the non-specialist'). His firms have no boards of directors, and their lines of command disappear amidst a host of generalities and charts describing the delegated responsibilities of the managerial 'staff' and 'line'. All that remains is the manager – 'the symbol for an industrial process which is both equitable and constructive' – and the 'typical citizen'.

The 'typical citizen' – Mr Fraser's worker – is a poor, half thing of a man. If he has not seized the opportunities of the Opportunity State it is largely because of 'limitations of his own ability and character'. If he is not eager in the service of his firm, and 'insists on "rights" in trivial and unrealistic matters', it is because 'unfortunately his ability to recognise the role required of him is extremely limited'. If tension arises between the managers and the managed it is not because genuine interests divide them – Mr Fraser never deviates from the assumption of a natural harmony between corporation and worker – but rather that the worker, on occasion, betrays symptoms of maladjustment; 'motiveless' fears and 'imaginary' threats can push him, on occasion, to outbreaks of 'purposeless' aggression.

Breakdown, where it occurs, is probably due to a failure in 'communications', and so Mr Fraser's ideal manager must always be asking himself the question 'Do I see symptoms around me of frustrations which could be explained by failure to satisfy the companionship and ego needs of the individual worker?'. He is constantly striving to put the worker 'in the picture', to 'get himself across' to them. A 'practical skill with human beings' becomes 'part of his personality'. He seeks to replace the worker's unofficial 'primary groups' by official ones, and tries to understand the 'private world of the worker', for he has learnt that 'what we can understand we can usually control'.

> The manager must accept the fact that he will be dealing with people whose awareness of these processes will be extremely cloudy and vague. He is, in fact, playing a game of which he alone knows the rules, which, without putting them too precisely in words, he must teach to the other players because they do not understand the language.

It is difficult to see what all this has in common with 'responsible participation' or to understand how it can deserve the name 'industrial democracy' which Mr Fraser attaches to it. For the essence of an industrial, as of any other democracy, is surely the existence of autonomous groups and individuals, and the free play of genuine, if discontinuous, clashes of interest and opinion. But in Mr Fraser's model it is always the worker who does the 'adjusting' and the manager who draws on 'motivation' and 'communication' to make him 'well-adjusted'. Mr Fraser's intentions are frequently humane, and his desire is for a 'flexible' and 'open' alternative to authoritarian rule: all the more unfortunate, then, that he comes dangerously close to sanctioning, in new forms, the very authoritarian pattern which he seems so anxious to avoid.

RALPH SAMUEL

Shorter Reviews

Paolo Paoli. By ARTHUR ADAMOV. Translated by GEOFFREY BRERETON. *Calder.* 18*s.*

Here, in good sinewy English, is the most ambitious work of France's foremost disciple of Brecht. It was broadcast in 1958 and, like other Adamov plays that have appeared over here in bare little halls and Edinburgh basements, it sank without trace. *The Times* thought of interviewing M. Adamov during his London visit – but what had he written? We still don't know.

Paolo Paoli is a history of France from 1900 to 1914 told in terms of the butterfly and feather trades. In it, Adamov presses to the limit his method of commenting on society at large by giving microscopically close scrutiny to the life of a small group whose fortunes respond to the whole community as if to barometric pressure. In his earlier plays he applied this technique fantastically; in *Paolo Paoli* he applies it with naturalistic exactitude.

Paolo imports his butterflies from convict settlements, negotiates with an oily cleric who has a butterfly-collecting brother out East, and drives tough bargains with the hatchet-faced Hulot-Vasseur, the feather man. Their transactions involve the whole of France and its colonies, and public issues are focused in the lunatic triviality of their cut-throat competition for a rare Zalmoxis or Morpho Eugenia, highly prized as piquant trimmings for women's hats.

Small acts of treachery, changes of alliance, ruthless manipulation of subordinates make up the action which is so minutely detailed as to preclude sharp direct satire. Rather there is a generally diffused tone of mockery which is intensified by ironic cross-reference between the narrative and the news quotations that are thrown Brecht-wise on a screen before each episode. With the declaration of war the curtain rises to show Paolo's study in a state of chaos with Paolo, feverish and unshaven, determined as ever to hold his corrupt and flashy little empire together. Only at this point does Adamov relinquish the Third Republic scrap-book atmosphere, and permit himself a few words of scorn.

I.W.

Social Life in Early England. Edited by GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

This is a useful but imperfectly edited piece of bookmaking. It collects into one volume nine essays originally published in leaflet form for the members of the Historical Association, many of them teachers and university lecturers. Like its parent association, the series was inaugurated at a time when, in Coulton's words, 'historians are increasingly conscious of their duties towards the ordinary intelligent reader.' Today – at least on the part of certain technical historians – this awareness may seem to have lessened: but the series still deserves its popularity. Although not every pamphlet in it is a work of original research, each forms a simple, succinct, and authoritative conspectus of th state of knowledge on its subject when it was written – a progress report for the layman, and an *aide-mémoire* for the specialist.

The subjects treated in this first collection are neither exclusively 'early' nor exclusively English. While Hamilton Thompson's sketch of 'The English House' continues into the late eighteenth century, J. N. L. Baker's paper on 'Medieval Trade Routes' has little to say about England at all. For the rest, there is J. N. L. Myres on 'Roman Britain', Miss L. C. Latham on the manor, Rose Graham on the monasteries, Sir Frank Stenton on castles and on Norman London, C. J. Ffoulkes on arms and armour, and G. G. Coulton, daring and tentative, on 'The Meaning of Medieval Moneys'. The introduction is by Professor Geoffrey Barraclough, who has emended some of the essays and their brief bibliographies, although the revision of the paper on Norman London is by Sir Frank Stenton himself.

In this connection a word of warning is needed. Despite his introductory explanations,

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Professor Barraclough's editing is otherwise silent. In the case of Coulton, avowedly revised 'in the light of the findings of modern economic historians', it chiefly consists in the amputation of typically Coultonian asides. Future volumes might well be more specific and less apparently high-handed. They might also be less reticent about the dates of their component essays. Most of those in this collection were originally published more than 20 years ago, in the early or middle Thirties. Few would guess this fact from the present volume, which supplies a date for only one of its essays, and then gets it wrong.

R.M.

Carthage. By B. H. WARMINGTON. *Hale.* 21s.

The Phoenicians invented the alphabet for business efficiency, but they seldom used it to write about themselves. The silent tycoons of the ancient world, they slipped about the Mediterranean carrying manufactures they hadn't made, fetching minerals from mines they had never seen, and leaving nothing to posterity but a bad impression. Yet their settlement at Carthage, c.750 BC, was the first city-state to achieve an empire, and the only one, except Rome, that maintained an empire for more than 300 years. Her success seems to have been partly due to a lack of interest in politics which allowed subject cities to go as they pleased provided that they paid; but more to a conservation of manpower by the hiring of mercenaries. These were paid for by Carthaginian enterprise in opening up trade with NW Africa. We know very little about it. Mr Warmington considers that *Hanno's Voyage*, the single passage of surviving Carthaginian literature (it is in a Greek copy) was written to mislead competitors.

The Carthaginians fought wars only when they could not avoid them, so they are least typical when we know most about them - that is when ancient historians record their clashes with Greeks and Romans in Sicily, Spain and Italy. Much of Mr Warmington's book is a retelling of these episodes of history with a sensible attempt to redress the anti-Carthaginian bias of Polybius, Livy and the rest. From his experience of North African archaeology he is able to make the city of Carthage more real, if a good deal less vivid, than it is in *Salammbo*. Yet it is difficult to work up more than a passing interest in a people so little interested in themselves.

A.W.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,577 **Set by Gresham**

The 300th anniversary of the founding of the Royal Society is being celebrated this summer. Competitors are invited to mark the occasion with an Ode – remembering that early members included Charles II, Wren, Dryden, Pepys. Length 20 lines; entries by 24 May.

Result of No. 1,574 **Set by Set-Square**

Competitors are invited to compose the words of a School song for a girls' school, taking a realistic view of what lies in store for the pupils when they leave school. Limit 16 lines.

Report

Competitors were keen; there was some energetic stickwork, but far too much carelessness in the centre of the field. Some spoilt their message by putting content well before scansion. Regularity is the first duty of an anthem or a hymn. Others had not caught up to the fact that women are becoming scarcer and scarcer: there are just not enough to go round. Thus, the problems now are not quite those of Miss Pinkerton's day. Too few, one might add, made use of the deep, insistent possibilities of the Refrain – a word, in this context, that quaintly implies the very opposite of what it appears to say. Hopes are momentarily raised by Tony Manley's opening:

> Life is like a tennis match
> With the court not always true;

by Timothy Rogers's close:

> When we doubt if it is better-O to go on
> living *hetero*,
> And hoping that a star will give a hitch;
> We may think again with bliss of the segregated miss
> And the healthy metal whistle on the pitch;

by P.M.'s Chorus:

> Three cheers for St Rontium's shes!
> Our motto is *Go when you please*.
> On our toes for the take-off we'll make up
> and make off
> On glider, jeep, rocket or skis!

and – dreadfully – by R. Kennard Davis's motto: *Beata Beatnix*. Other mentions go to Jean Jhirad, Nancy Gunter, Doris Pulsford, Hazel Archard, Martin Fagg. Two guineas each to Barbara Roe, June Langfield, and Ann Butterworth.

> Seven years on, and when what passes here for
> Good education is at last complete,
> We shall discover there's nothing to cheer for
> In the conditions we're likely to meet.
> Deficit, slump and inflation are bywords;
> Best make a start now at sharpening our wits;
> We'll have to live on them later, mark my
> words,
> That is, provided we're not blown to bits.
> After a time there will doubtless come o'er us
> Wakening desire to depend on a mate;
> Suitors, we hope, will appear then before us,
> If nature dowers us with adequate bait.
> When we must make up our minds as to
> which one,
> Soldier or poet, stockbroker or don,
> God give us strength to decide on the rich one,
> Three, four, five, six or seven years on.
>
> BARBARA ROE

> Hail, noble pile! We love thy concrete face,
> Broken by gleaming glass, above, below.
> Snatched from thy aery haunts to Outer Space
> We would not feel one touch of vertigo.
>
> But if in more terrestial paths we tread
> Still will thy teaching guide us year by year;
> Shorthand and typing help us earn our bread,
> And lampshade-making our brief leisure cheer.
>
> Many the perils we may face in life,
> But thanks to thee full-armed we take the field;
> Sessions in Judo fit us for the strife,
> While Sex Instruction shows what not to yield.
>
> And if our lives are crowned by wedlock, then,
> When husbands, children, in-laws cause us pain,
> We shall be grateful for that course in Zen,
> And bless our Alma Mater once again.
>
> JUNE LANGFIELD

> Girls of Pankhurst, sweetly sing,
> Let's praise our Alma Mater
> For never blinding us to sin
> – Race riots, prostitution, gin, pogroms, perverts and mescalin –
> For giving us the data.
>
> We're sports at games, we've learned the rules.
> Though hockey's thought regressive
> Intensive training in our school
> Ensures, however slick and cool a chemmy shark, he couldn't fool
> A girl from our progressive.
>
> The facts of life we've all enjoyed,
> We've been with our Professor
> From Wolfenden way back to Freud
> Fate worse than death we will avoid (the male won't even be annoyed).
> By scanning Eustace Chesser.
>
> Girls of Pankhurst, sweetly sing, etc.
>
> ANN BUTTERWORTH

City Lights

Whitehall Hits Back

A few weeks ago the Inland Revenue persuaded the Chancellor to slip a couple of daggers and a bludgeon into the Finance Bill. This week it was the Board of Trade's turn: mildly swinging its umbrella a little higher it gave the City a deft, unobtrusive and quite unexpected jab in the belly. The City, since reform became the fashion and Jenkins began to brood, has been divided into those who think that something better than the Board of Trade is needed and those who think that everything would be all right if only the Board would make better use of the powers it already possesses. Quietly allowing itself to be thumped with inadequacy from this side and incompetence from that, the Board felt its umbrella-hand twitching.

A parliamentary debate about takeover bids last June ended with the minister admitting, his admission drowned in the cheers and counter-cheers, that certain aspects of the bid business might not be altogether desirable; Grandma, soon afterwards, called in the grandchildren and advised them to draw up their own code of takeover ethics before the government did it for them. This gambit seemed unsatisfactory from the outset since only grandchildren would feel bound to honour a grandchildren's code, but the grandchildren themselves were so reluctant to tie themselves down with explicit rules that their code turned out to be a fiasco. Even the Institute of Directors decided to draw up a rival code of its own, and the government demonstrated its dissatisfaction with the results of self-discipline by asking Jenkins to look specifically into the question of takeover bid practice. There the matter might have rested for several years, had not the Board of Trade felt this twitching in its umbrella. The grandchildren, proclaiming that all the trouble was caused by a handful of dealers in securities who do not belong to the recognised associations but are individually licensed by the Board, suggested to the Board that it should deal much more strictly with these outsiders. The Board seized its chance. Its rules about licensed dealers were twenty years old and almost exclusively concerned with share-pushing; they needed bringing up to date, and the Board, which sees a good many bid circulars and has a good many more brought to its notice by irate shareholders, had its own ideas about how to do it.

Quietly this week, in a notice which seemed too dull for the majority of newspapers to bother with, the Board of Trade announced that it had drawn up new draft rules to regulate licensed dealers. The rules, being up to date, have a good deal to say about the information which bidders – and directors who recommend bids – must disclose; they demand a standard of behaviour which is a little below the present best but a tremendous way above the present worst. And these rules, the Board made it clear, are to be observed not merely by the handful of licensed dealers at whom they are ostensibly aimed but by everybody, however large and respectable, who happens to make a takeover bid: the City is now faced with the statutory code of bid practice which it hoped so eagerly to avoid. Taken by surprise, busy with the Finance Bill, it has

COMPANY MEETING

HAMBROS BANK LIMITED

RECORD FIGURES: DIVIDEND INCREASE AND 'RIGHTS' ISSUE

The 48th Annual General Meeting of Hambros Bank Limited will be held on 2 June at the Offices of the Bank, 41 Bishopsgate, London, EC2.

The following are extracts from the statement by the Chairman, Mr R. Olaf Hambro, circulated with the Report and Accounts for the year to 31 March, 1960:

The results of the election and the optimism it generated against a buoyant economic background inevitably started a wave of borrowing from the banks and the newly encouraged hire purchase companies. This, just as inevitably, was overdone. The first flush of enthusiasm has now been cooled off by a rise in the Bank Rate and other steps which the authorities have taken to discourage excessive personal spending in order to keep our export trade and our balance of payments situation in a healthy condition.

We who have worked in the City of London for many years have become accustomed and inured to these ups-and-downs in economic policy but they do not make the job of running an institution like ours any easier. All the same, these events have not prevented us from having an active and successful year as the figures in our Balance Sheet demonstrate.

For the first time in the history of this Bank, our Balance Sheet total is more than £100 million, which compares very favourably with the total of £53 million only 10 years ago.

Investment Trust Issue

One of the outstanding events during the year from our point of view was the issue of shares in Hambros Investment Trust. The capital was raised to £4,000,000 and £2,000,000 of the shares were offered to the Bank's shareholders at 25s. The shares stood, at the date of our Balance Sheet, at a middle quotation of 41s. in the Market.

Scandinavian Service

At the time of the "Outer-Seven" Treaty we introduced our Scandinavian Service. Its principal object is to facilitate the financing of exports and imports between this country and Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden. This new service has given us more opportunities of using our intimate knowledge of these countries and has, we hope, still further cemented our very close friendship with them.

The Scandinavian Service has also broadened our contacts with industry. Many British companies of all kinds have made use of it. We deliberately designed the scheme so that it would be as simple as possible to use. We have felt for a long time that there are many lively medium-sized and smaller firms, particularly in the Midlands and North, which could make greater use of the know-how and specialised services available from a merchant bank.

The Dividend

Turning to the figures, the Deposits are up by £7,523,828 (to £73,268,171) and the Acceptances by £5,471,664 (to £27,103,344). The ratio of Loans to Deposits is 24.56. The liquidity is again high being in Cash and Bills of Exchange 72.5 per cent of the Deposits.

The available profit of the Bank and its subsidiaries stands at £690,931, and after transferring the same amount as last year to the Contingency Reserve and paying the interim dividends, a balance of £420,993 remains; the Directors have decided to recommend final dividends of 17½ per cent on the £10 and £1 shares and of 3 per cent on the "A" shares, which will leave £134,649 to be carried forward.

"Rights" Issue

The Directors have also decided that it is now appropriate to increase the Bank's working capital by using the 500,000 authorised, but as yet unissued, shares of £1 each. These shares will be offered on a "rights" basis to the holders of £10 shares and £1 shares; a circular letter giving preliminary details of the issue has been despatched to Shareholders.

Motor Business

Hambro Automotive Corporation, our associate company which is engaged in selling British Motor Corporation cars in the United States, continues to set up new records. In the last financial year its sales have exceeded £30 million.

Definition of a "Bank"

The competition which comes from the other Banks and Merchant Bankers of the City of London is always welcome and is indeed the strength of the London money market. There is, however, another side to the question which, in my view, requires the attention of those responsible and that is the definition of the names 'Banker' and 'Merchant Banker' which can be, and in fact are, used by all and sundry in London when applying for deposits from abroad. This makes it very difficult for foreigners to differentiate between what are regarded here as Banks and Merchant Banks and others who do not belong either to the British Bankers Association or the Accepting Houses Committee.

What future for you?

It's fun to read the tea-leaves now and again. To see if there's a letter coming, or some money, or a tall dark stranger.

But you don't plan your life on what you read in the tea-leaves—certainly not your money matters.

The sensible man plans his financial future on Prudential policies. He sees there the assurance that he will have money when he retires, money for his family if he dies, money if his home is burnt down or if he has an accident.

Have a talk with the man from the Prudential. You'll find him a knowledgeable adviser.

Ask the man from the PRUDENTIAL

The address of your local office is in the telephone directory

HOLIDAYS AHEAD

When travelling in this country or abroad you need some convenient way of obtaining cash, rather than take the risk of carrying it about with you.

This is where the C.W.S Bank can help, either by issuing travellers' cheques or by arranging encashment facilities. The Bank can help in many other ways, and at a minimum of cost, so why not enquire for particulars?

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.....

taken the blow reasonably well, reflecting, perhaps, that the suggested rules are not impossibly stringent and that they may help, like the new HP restrictions, to support the big boys against the competition of the small. Yet the fact remains that there are now to be statutory rules, and that rules, once introduced, can be tightened. The fact remains too that the initiative in this affair was taken not by the politicians but by the long-suffering officials of the Board of Trade. Whether or not Jenkins eventually comes down on the side of a modified Securities and Exchange Commission, the Board of Trade evidently does not mean to give up without a fight.

* * *

It is just a year since Mr Clore's bid for Watney accelerated the pace of brewery mergers and pushed Watney itself into leading the field. In March it spent £11m in acquiring Phipps Northampton Brewery; last week it offered to spend £4m in acquiring Ushers Wiltshire Brewery – an acquisition which will put it temporarily ahead of Ind Coope, with 5,520 pubs against 5,360; this week it has announced that merger negotiations are going on with Wilson & Walker of Manchester, a company half-way in size between these last two acquisitions. The pace is getting really hot, and Whitbread is beginning to feel it. Whitbread's technique has been to protect smaller brewers against bids by buying a parcel of their shares, requiring them in return to sell its own beers: the shares it had acquired up to 1956 were put into a separate investment company, but it has acquired as many more since then. It is now proposing to put all its investments into the investment company and to sell a majority holding in this to its own shareholders, presumably at a price which they will be ready to jump at. The chairman has yet to explain his reasons. One may be the need to raise cash, in acknowledgement of the fact that the protection game is played out (people now want to be taken over) and must be abandoned for more ambitious tactics if Whitbread's is to remain one of the leading brewers. Another may be the fact that the investment company (on the model of Hambros Investment Trust and Hambros Bank) will now be free to buy shares in Whitbread: interlocking shareholdings could preserve control of both companies for the present directors without much bother.

Company News

Marks & Spencer has done it again – a rise of 8¼ per cent in sales despite price-cuts (12 per cent in the second half of the year) and an actual improvement in profit margins; profits are 16 per cent higher, and the dividend has not merely been maintained after a 1-for-5 scrip issue but raised. *Wiggins Teape*, the paper firm, has increased its profits by a third, paid a larger dividend than was forecast only at the end of last year, and announced a 1-for-2 scrip issue. *Guest Keen*, the engineering group, has raised its dividend as expected, but the increase of only 9 per cent in profits before tax is disappointing. *Wilmot Breedon* has boomed with the motor firms it supplies: its profits are 25 per cent higher, and its dividend has been increased from 13 to 15 per cent. *Automotive Products* has increased its profits by 17 per cent; the dividend had been raised less than expected.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 548. Sportsmanship at the Summit

We are indebted to grandmaster Flohr for some significant 'backroom' information about the third game of the title-match. It is very creditable to our new champion who, rather than force the draw by perpetual on his 37th move, might have tried to surprise his opponent by a tricky line involving a fiendish little trap. Tal (says Flohr) had seen it all, but refrained from going in for it because he considered it unfair to exploit Botvinnik's extreme time pressure. Now let's first look at the game, the first in which Botvinnik chose the Caro-Kann which was to become his favourite defence in that match.

(1) P-K4, P-QB3; (2) Kt-QB3, P-Q4; (3) Kt-B3, B-Kt5; (4) P-KR3, BxKt; (5) PxB [According to Euwe this unorthodox move had never yet been tried in master practice, and it is typical indeed for the 'psychological chess' of Tal, the great tactician who would strive to look for the surprise effect of a move no less than for its 'objective' qualities], P-K3; (6) P-Q4, Kt-Q2; (7) B-KB4 [As this Bishop is, subsequently, chased about a good deal Euwe prefers (7) B-K3, followed by Q-Q3 and O-O-O]. B-Kt5; (8) P-KR4, KKt-B3; (9) P-K5, Kt-R4; (10) B-KKt5, Q-R4; (11) B-Q2, Q-Kt3; (12) P-R3, B-K2; (13) B-K3, P-Kt3 [Obviously . . . QxKtP?? was ruled out on account of Kt-R4]; (14) Kt-R4, Q-Q1; (15) Q-Q2 [White's KRP would seem to be taboo since (according to Tolush) Tal had this sequel in mind . . . BxRP; (16) RxB!, QxR; (17) B-KKt5, Q-R8; (18) Q-Kt4, P-B3; (19) QxP, R-QKt1; (20) QxBP, PxB; (21) Kt-B5 with an attack wisely dodged by Botvinnik], Kt-Kt2; (16) B-KKt5, P-KR3; (17) BxP, Kt-KB4; (18) B-KB4, RxP; (19) RxR, KtxR; (20) O-O-O [Once again Tal offers a P, and again Botvinnik spurns the bait], P-QKt4!; (21) Kt-B5 [This time Tal is forced to give up a P; Euwe holds that the alternative Kt-B3, allowing . . . P-Kt5 would be much too risky], KtxKt; (22) PxKt, BxP; (23) B-K2, B-K2 [. . . BxP?, of course, would be countered by (24) BxKtP]; (24) K-Kt1, Q-B2; (25) R-R1, O-O-O; (26) B-Kt3, Kt-B4; (27) R-R7 [Euwe thinks that White's considerable counter-play gives him ample positional equivalent for being a pawn down], R-B1; (28) B-KB4, Q-Q1; (29) B-Q3, R-R1; (30) RxR, QxR; (31) Q-R5! [Making sure of the draw since K-Kt2 would permit the B-sacrifice on Kt5 and perpetual]. Q-R8 ch; (32) K-R2, QxP; (33) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt1; (34) QxBP, QxB, (35) BxP, QxKP; (36) Q-K8 ch, K-Kt2: (37) Q-B6 ch, draw agreed.

With less than a minute for four moves Botvinnik might well have been worried by (37) B-R6 ch, KxB; (38) Q-B6 ch, K-R4; (39) P-QB3!, and now the tempting Q-swap by . . . BxRP; (40) KxB, Q-Q3ch would not work on account of (41) P-Kt4 mate; whereas Black could secure the draw none the less by (39) . . . Q-K7!, forcing White to take the perpetual by Q-B7 ch etc. Quite a lot to work out in a matter of seconds if one wasn't aware of it as well as Tal was; his sporting gesture is all the more creditable as he couldn't know before the *post-mortem* (or rather the *post-pacem*) that his opponent, for all his desperate time-pressure, was equally well aware of all those complications. How pleasing to have a new champion so fully deserving and so brilliantly imaginative; and while he is young enough long to reign over us, the most pleasing aspect is that our new sovereign's fiery ambition will be challenged with equal fervour, thereby providing many a feast for us, the loyal subjects.

A: M. Botvinnik 1948

In properly due homage to our former champion **A** is a game position in which, playing White, he forced the issue very brilliantly: and to make it suitable as a 4-pointer for beginners, I had better add the useful hint that in the main variation the decisive 3rd move is not a check but a 'quiet' move threatening inescapable mate. For 6 & 7 ladder-points, **B** and **C** are both wins for White, and very ingenious end game studies indeed. Usual prizes. Entries by 23 May.

B: Leonid Kubbel: /2Kt5/K1k5/B7/8/2p5/1p6/16/.

C: Tigran B. Gorgiev: 1928: 16/1K3b1B/8/1k6/5B2/bKt6/1Kt6/.

REPORT on No. 545. Set 23 April

A: (1) Q-B5, Q-K3; (2) Kt-Kt4, Q-B2: (3) Kt-R6, Q-Kt2: (4) Kt-Kt8, etc.

B: (1) P-B7, Kt-Kt2!; (2) P=R!, KtxP(best); (3) R-B5, Kt-Kt2; (4) R-B6 mate.

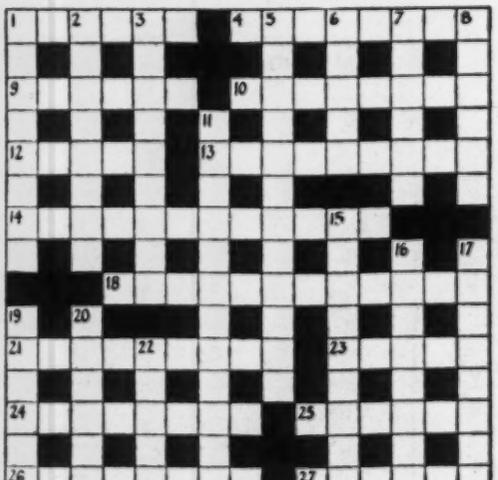
C: (1) R-R8 ch, K-R2: (2) RxKt ch, KxR; (3) R-B8 ch, K-R2; (4) P-Kt6 ch, KxP; (5) BxP ch, KxB; (6) R-R8 ch, K-Kt3; (7) P-R5 mate.

Surprisingly many stumped by **A.** Approximate solutions awarded full marks. Prizes: E. Allan, C. Allen, M. P. Furmston, A. J. Sobey, J. D. Taylor.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 405

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 405, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 24 May.



ACROSS

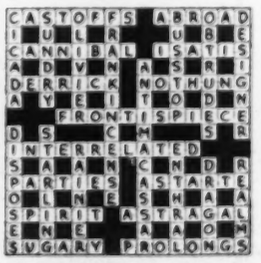
1. Go in or on the water (6).
4. Lots of stars form a team in bad weather (8).
9. Units which hold an island in the centre (6).
10. A set-back for disorder after a nocturnal creature forms a place of death (8).
12. Snake found in the middle of scales (5).
13. An academic sinecure is a comfortable thing (9).
14. Piece of drill for the shop-walker? (12).
18. An outstanding feat gives the boss a sudden illness (12).
21. Wanders after science and gets along in a disorderly fashion (9).
23. Hiding place not quite long enough for a seal (5).
24. It gives warmth but the affair of the heart is broken up (8).
25. It sounds like a mouse in front of mother in the smallest quantities (6).
26. Meetings which include it among the painful experiences (8).
27. Formed a likeness of a Cockney in senility (6).

DOWN

1. Vessel to make fast for the feast (8).
2. 'Between the acting of a —— thing And the first motion' (*J. Caesar*) (8).
3. Vehicle which gives Larry a variety of treat (9).
5. Diplomat who puts the morning drink on an article of clothing (12).
6. 'The mellow glory of the —— stage' (Arnold) (5).
7. Is nothing to obstruct the sign of pressure? (6).
8. In a disorder arrest a writer (6).
11. Sport of kings related unstraightforwardly (12).
15. Curiously schematic examination (9).
16. Stealing fish perhaps and there is a river in pain (8).
17. Wake and pull up below this place (8).
19. Work beneath like a river (6).
20. An artist in his skill creates a mountain (6).
22. The dress for an expounder of the law (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 403



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 403

George R. Otter (Sweden)
Walter A. Willis (Belfast)
M. and A. Castagna (Paris)

COMPANY MEETINGS

PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

STATEMENT BY THE CHAIRMAN

The Annual General Meeting of the Provincial Insurance Company Limited will take place at Kendal at noon on the 27th day of May 1960. The following is the statement of the Chairman, Mr Peter F. Scott:

Before I review the year's results, I wish to announce two important changes in the Board. Sir Bernhard Binder retired in November last after thirty-one years as a director. His wisdom, experience and keen interest have been a source of great strength ever since he joined us when we were newcomers to the City with assets of less than one million pounds. My father, Mr F. C. Scott, also decided to retire last autumn, having given me invaluable help during the three years since he handed over the chairmanship. He had completed fifty-six years with the Company and forty-four years as a director, during which time he held the offices first of Secretary, then Managing Director, Chairman and latterly President.

I shall ask you to approve the election to the Board of Mr Harold Wincott and Mr J. O. Blair-Cunynghame, OBE. Mr Wincott is well known in financial circles and we have had the benefit of his advice for the past year. Mr Blair-Cunynghame will put at our disposal his wide experience acquired in the course of a distinguished career at Cambridge as well as in industry and commerce.

I have also to report that, as already announced in the press, Mr J. G. Henderson relinquished his appointment as General Manager on the 31 March 1960, and leaves with every good wish for the future. He is succeeded by Mr W. H. Gee, who joined us in 1947, and has been Deputy General Manager since 1958.

The following table sets out the main features of this year's accounts, with the corresponding figures for 1958:

	1959	*1958*
Premium income ..	£9,214,737	*£8,705,334*
Underwriting profit ..	99,097	*—84,101*
Percentage of profit ..	1.1	*—1.0*
Interest, dividends and rents	685,263	*621,421*
Sundry charges, less credits	113,169	*166,604*
Surplus before taxation	671,191	*370,716*
Taxation	307,044	*180,721*
Dividends (net) ..	282,049	*246,938*

Premium income increased by rather more than £500,000 and this takes account of the rigorous pruning of our Canadian business which will be further reduced in the coming year. This remedial action of our Canadian managers has contributed to rather better results in Canada, and I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking Independent Insurance Managers Limited for their loyal co-operation in carrying out a continuing task of great difficulty.

The home account, still the larger part of our business, produced a moderate profit in all departments. Overseas we were not so fortunate but the process of consolidation to which I referred last year goes on. Our large account in Southern Africa still gives us cause for concern, but progress has been made in Australia, Nigeria, the Far East and East Africa. We have made a satisfactory start in Ghana, where the Ghana General Insurance Company Limited was incorporated during the year in concert with the Ghana Insurance Company Limited. A relatively small account in Venezuela is, however, causing anxiety.

In a year of virtually stable prices, the increase in premiums is a real gain and, what is even more important in this context, expenses have been held at approximately last year's level.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

	PREMIUMS	UNDERWRITING PROFIT	PERCENTAGE OF PREMIUMS
1959	£1,569,711	£35,454	2.3
1958	*£1,497,364*	*—£14,873*	*—1.0*

Home fire losses in 1959, of which we had our share, have received considerable publicity. These disastrous fires, involving exceptionally large concentrations of value, are evidence of a trend which is causing anxiety to underwriters. Under stress of competition there appears to be a general lowering of the underwriting standards on which the reputation of the British insurance market was established. Symptoms of this are a tendency towards wider cover without adequate rate increases, failure to insist on higher standards of fire protection, and widespread underinsurance.

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT (INCLUDING MOTOR)

	PREMIUMS	UNDERWRITING PROFIT	PERCENTAGE OF PREMIUMS
1959	£6,287,160	£63,643	1.0
1958	*£5,907,673*	*—£69,228*	*—1.2*

Nearly all sections shared in the advance of premiums to which the largest contributor is the home motor account. Here the cost per claim continues to creep upwards year by year, and in 1960 the rise will be the steeper because of the increase in legal charges now in force. If, in addition, the incidence of claims continues to rise, fresh losses on motor business must inevitably lead to further increases in premium rates.

MARINE DEPARTMENT (INCLUDING AVIATION)

	PREMIUMS	MARINE FUND	PERCENTAGE OF PREMIUMS
1959	£1,357,866	£1,662,700	122
1958	*£1,300,297*	*£1,636,117*	*126*

There are grounds for believing that the hull account is now more soundly based than it has been for some years, but cargo underwriting, which has to meet considerable international competition, is causing anxiety. Premium income shows a small increase, due largely to the efforts made in the market to improve aviation rates, and to the introduction of high-valued jet aircraft.

In the consolidated balance sheet, where total assets are approximately £14m, there are no significant alterations. Investments of about £10m are shown at or under cost, and the capital appreciation of holdings of ordinary shares, which have a book value of over £5m, adds to the financial strength of the Company. The fall in the proportion of freehold and leasehold properties reflects the sale of a property-owning subsidiary company.

I referred last year to an arrangement whereby our staff would be able to acquire ordinary shares of the Company on favourable terms. The scheme was received with enthusiasm, and in its first year has met with considerable success, 43,020 shares having been taken up.

Our gross interest earnings having increased to £685,263, the directors recommend a dividend of 2/1½d. on ordinary shares, an increase of 3d., which, less income tax, amounts to £263,112.

In closing, I should like to express thanks, on behalf of the shareholders and directors, to staff at home and overseas for their loyalty and enthusiasm, to managers on whose energy and enterprise we depend, and finally to all friends, local directors, and agents, at home and overseas, for their support.

W. H. SMITH & SON (HOLDINGS) LIMITED

Extract from the Chairman's Statement

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, The Hon. DAVID JOHN SMITH, J.P., circulated with the Report and Accounts for the period to January 30, 1960.

Financial Year In looking at the accounts this year it must be remembered that we have changed the date of our financial year end, and we are in fact comparing figures for 43 weeks this financial year with figures for 53 weeks in 1958/9.

Printing Dispute In the final paragraph of my statement last year I referred to the printing dispute and warned shareholders of the adverse effect this was bound to have on the Company's results in the current year. In the event the dispute lasted for seven weeks and during that time the supply of most newspapers and periodicals, with the exception of the London daily newspapers, ceased absolutely. I need hardly tell you how serious an impact this made on a business such as ours, where the newspaper and periodical sales constitute a very important proportion of our total turnover and where the possibility of making any worth-while savings in expenses during the period of the dispute was almost negligible. It is difficult to get an accurate estimate of what the true cost of the dispute was, but the Board are satisfied that it did not exceed £200,000.

Accounts The Consolidated Net Profit for the 43-week year after taxation was £880,562. It is not easy to make exact comparisons between this figure and that of £1,167,190, the profit for the previous 53-week period, but bearing in mind the fact that these 43 weeks include the best trading period of the year, the results might have been expected to be slightly better. The lack of improvement is, of course, due in part to the printing dispute but there is also the burden of rising costs which we expect to cover by the steps we are taking towards greater economy of operation.

The taxation on the profit for the period (subject to provision for taxation for the previous periods no longer required) absorbed £915,201, leaving £880,562 for appropriation. Net dividends for the ten months on the Preference Shares together with the Interim and proposed Final Dividend on the Ordinary Shares amount to £396,339. After these allocations, we are able to put to General Reserve £475,000 and to increase the Carry Forward by £9,223.

Dividend We have decided to recommend a Final Dividend of 6 per cent., making 10 per cent. for the ten-month period. This is equivalent to maintaining last year's rate of 12 per cent., but on the capital as increased by the one-for-ten Bonus Issue.

Prospects Trading is becoming much more competitive. We accept this as a challenge which we are prepared to meet by the capital investment programme which I mentioned in my Statement last year, amounting to probably three million pounds or more in the next five years, and by the measures we have taken to improve and accelerate our staff training programmes and to offer more attractive conditions of employment.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. NS Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF THE WEST INDIES

Applications are invited for the following posts in the Department of Economics:

(i) Senior Lectureship in Economic Statistics

(ii) Senior Lectureship or Lectureship in Demography.

Duties of the posts will include teaching for BA (General) and B.Sc. (Econ.) Degrees of London University and for any related Diploma or Certificate Courses that may be developed. Duties to be assumed by 1 Oct. '60.

Salary scales (under review): Senior Lecturer - £1,500 × 75 - £2,250 p.a.; Lecturer - £1,150 × 50 - 1,450 × 75 - £1,900 p.a. Point of entry determined by qualifications and experience. Child allowance. FSSU. Unfurnished accommodation at 5% of basic salary. Passages for up to 5 persons on appointment, normal termination and study leave (once every three years).

Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 25 June 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL FOR LONDON

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the whole-time post of DEPUTY CLERK OF THE COUNCIL. The salary will be in accordance with the Scale approved by the Minister of Health, viz., £1,465 × £65 (3) × £70 (2) - £1,800 per annum. London Weighting of £50 is also payable. Previous experience in Executive Council administration will be an advantage.

The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations, 1955, the Conditions of Service in force at the appropriate time, and will be determinable by three months' notice on either side. Canvassing in any form will lead to disqualification.

The successful candidate will be required to take office on 1 January 1961, and may be required to pass a medical examination.

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience and particulars of present appointment together with the names and addresses of two referees should be addressed to 'The Clerk, London Executive Council, Insurance House, Insurance Street, WC1' and posted to arrive not later than 12 noon on 30 June 1960. Envelopes should be endorsed 'Deputy Clerkship'.

I. P. WILLIS,
Clerk of the Council.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH AND SOUTH-EAST SCOTLAND REGIONAL HOSPITAL BOARD

Joint-In-Service Training Scheme for Clinical Psychologists

APPLICATIONS are invited for two posts as CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGISTS (Probationer) at certain hospitals in the South-East Scotland Hospital Region. Applicants must have a 1st or 2nd class Honours degree in Psychology or other approved qualifications.

Facilities will be given for part-time study for the Diploma in Clinical Psychology awarded by the University of Edinburgh. Successful candidates will be afforded supervised clinical experience during the three years training period. Periods of secondment will be arranged for experience in mental deficiency, medical and surgical neurology and child psychiatry as well as for formal instruction in the University. Further details may be obtained from the Department of Psychological Medicine, 2 George Square, Edinburgh 8 and the Department of Psychology, Old College, Edinburgh 8.

The salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council circulars. Applications giving details of experience and the names of two referees should be sent to the Secretary, 11 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh 3, by 31 May 1960.

A WARDEN is needed for a home for ex-prisoners, something like Norman House, shortly to be established in Manchester. Tough and challenging job. Residential - married man preferred. Salary £600-£700. Box 4495.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES ABERYSTWYTH

Research Assistant in Zoology

A personal research assistant (man or woman) is required for three years from an agreed date, to assist Professor T. A. Stephenson, FRS with the completion of a book on the seashore ecology of the world. The work chiefly involves making and correlating abstracts from published books and papers. Ability to make diagrams and plot tidal data would be an advantage. The person appointed will have opportunities of improving his qualifications for future employment. A salary up to £700 - £725 - £750 can be paid to a suitably qualified person. Applications, accompanied by the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, as soon as possible. Further information will be sent if desired.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Faculty of Commerce & Social Science

Applications are invited for an ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP (£700 × 50 to £850) or LECTURESHIP (£900 × 50 to £1,350 × 75 to £1,650) in ECONOMICS, preferably from graduates who have specialised in Mathematical Economics. Salary scales are under review and are likely shortly to be increased. Duties to begin on 1 October 1960, or as soon thereafter as possible.

Applications (two copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent by 20 May 1960, to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

HILL END HOSPITAL ST ALBANS, HERTS

(For mental and nervous disorders)

PSYCHOLOGIST required for adult work, three sessions per week, at the above Hospital within easy reach of Central London. Salary and conditions according to Whitley Council. Salary £1 14s 3d. per session. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience and giving the names of two referees to the Hospital Secretary as soon as possible.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

LECTURER IN EDUCATION

Applications are invited for a post of LECTURER in EDUCATION from candidates with special qualifications in Educational Psychology. Duties to begin on 1 September 1960. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £900 × 50 - 1,350 × 75 - £1,650, with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (6 copies) should be sent by 6 June 1960.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Service of Youth

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the post of DISTRICT YOUTH ORGANISER for Corby. The salary will be in accordance with the NJC Grade APTI (£610-£765) and there is a travelling allowance of £35 per annum paid quarterly.

Further particulars and form of application may be obtained (s.a.e.) from the undersigned to whom applications should be returned as soon as possible and in any case by 20 May 1960.

G. E. CHURCHILL,
Chief Education Officer.
County Education Offices,
Guildhall Road,
NORTHAMPTON.

TRAINING FOR HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION

MALE TRAINEE FOR HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION required. Age 25-35. Initial salary £510/555. Ultimate salary could be approximately £2/3,000. University or equivalent broad background preferred. Minimum education standard 5 'O' levels. Possession of 'above average' common sense, personality and initiative essential. Full details immediately to Group Secretary at Central Middlesex Hospital, Acton Lane, London, NW10, quoting two referees.

SENIOR Club Leader for large & expanding London Youth Centre. Box 4522.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Slough Child Guidance Clinic.

APPOINTMENT OF PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER

Applications are invited for the two posts of PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS to the Slough Child Guidance Team (Psychiatrist in Charge - Dr Mildred Pott).

Applicants should hold a Mental Health Certificate. The salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale for Health Services (Great Britain) for Psychiatric Social Workers. The post is superannuable. Part-time workers would be considered.

The Clinic is analytically orientated and organised for diagnosis and treatment. Plans for preventive work in the community are being developed.

Further particulars and form of application obtainable from the Principal School Medical Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks.

HAMPSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist. The duties, consisting of advisory work in the schools and diagnostic work in the County's Child Guidance Clinic and Remand Homes, will be carried out within the framework of the Authority's School Psychological Service.

Candidates must hold a degree in Psychology, and preferably have had approved clinical training. Teaching experience is desirable. Salary: Man £1,070-£1,560. Woman £1,057-£1,560. Previous Psychological experience will be taken into consideration in fixing starting point on scale.

Forms of application, with further particulars of the appointment, may be obtained from the undersigned (send s.a.e.) and should be returned not later than 30 May 1960.

R. M. MARSH,
County Education Officer,
The Castle, Winchester.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM PUBLIC HEALTH DEPARTMENT

Psychiatric Social and Family Care Service

Vacancies exist for trained social caseworkers in the above service. The work includes mental health community care and work with problem families.

Salary scale APT I (£610-£785 per annum) or APT II (£765-£880 per annum) according to qualifications, and experience. Minimum qualification: Certificate or Diploma in Social Science. Preference will be given to candidates with mental health or generic training.

Medical examination. Superannuation scheme.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Birmingham 3, to whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be addressed to arrive not later than 18 June 1960.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

HIGH WICK
TYTTENHANGER, NEAR ST ALBANS, HERTS.

CHILD PSYCHOTHERAPIST (non-medical) full-time or part-time required for work with psychotic and severely neurotic children aged 4-11 at the above Unit within reasonable distance of Central London. Candidates may be required to participate in training house staff. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience and naming two referees to Dr George Stroh, Consultant Psychiatrist-in-Charge.

MOTIVATION RESEARCH

If you have a lively mind and would like an active outdoor job you may be interested in interviewing for a new firm using the most up-to-date methods.

We require women between 25 and 45 who have a good education and three or more days a week to spare.

There is also full-time work for the right person if she is free to spend some time away from home.

Please reply to Box Number 4556.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Head of the Research Department of the Labour Party. Knowledge of economics, political and social questions essential. Apply for forms to Mr Morgan Phillips, General Secretary, The Labour Party, Smith Sq., SW1, to be returned by 20 May 1960.

Mathematicians

are required to join the Criticality Section of the Authority Health and Safety Branch. They will be employed on theoretical analysis of the criticality hazards arising in the handling and processing of fissile materials and on assessment of the precautions necessary to maintain safety. Research into the mathematics of neutron transport theory and the behaviour of materials subject to rapid rates of heating will be involved.

Adequate computing facilities are available and co-operation is encouraged with experimental and theoretical work elsewhere in the Authority. Some posts involve the programming of an I.B.M. 704 electronic computer.

Appointments will be made at salaries within the following ranges, according to qualifications and experience:—

Scientific class — £690 to £2,180

Experimental class — £590 (at age 22) to £1,285

For appointment in the scientific class at least a second-class honours degree or equivalent in mathematics is essential and for the more senior posts, for which the normal minimum age is 26 years, at least three years' post graduate research experience is required. For one of the posts knowledge of statistics or numerical analysis would be an advantage. For appointment in the experimental class a pass degree or equivalent qualification in mathematics or a science subject is normally expected, but those with less than the normal qualifications will be required to have had exceptionally good experience.

Contributory superannuation. Staff housing scheme.
Please send postcard for application form, quoting reference H.1/384 to:—

Administration Manager
Authority Health and Safety Branch

UNITED KINGDOM ATOMIC ENERGY AUTHORITY

Risley : Warrington : Lancs.

CLOSING DATE: 10th JUNE 1960

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

STELLA FISHER IN THE STRAND

A well run Employment Agency which provides a personnel selection service for London's leading employers. Office workers of both sexes are invited to contact

STELLA FISHER BUREAU
436 Strand, London, WC2.
TEM. 6644

Licensed by LCC. Member of Employment Agents' Federation

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureships in History. Applications are invited for three positions of Lecturer in History. It is expected that for one post the main teaching requirements will be in the History of Modern Europe, of European expansion, and of colonial movements, especially in the 19th and 20th centuries, but special knowledge in other fields may be an asset. For the other two appointments the lecturers will be primarily responsible for teaching Stage I History at the newly-established Waikato Branch at Hamilton, eighty miles from Auckland; one lecturer will be required to teach mainly European History (19th and 20th centuries) and one the History of New Zealand. The salary scale for a Lecturer is £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. Commencing salary within this scale will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in New Zealand and London is 30 June 1960.

CANBERRA University College, Australia. Chair of Economic History. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of Economic History. In 1960 the College will become part of the Australian National University and its present functions will be continued. Further details of the association are given in the information sheets for applicants. Salary ranges are now under review. At present the salary of a Professor is £A3,552 p.a. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 with whom two copies of each application must also be lodged. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 June 1960.

UNIVERSITY of London, School of Slavonic and East European Studies. Two library posts: (a) Senior Library Assistant on Salary scale £550/25/675 for post as Cataloguer. Knowledge of Slavonic and/or East European languages and ability to type essential. (b) Library Assistant on salary scale £420/20/540. Some knowledge of Slavonic or East European languages and typing desirable. For both posts family allowance and Staff Pension Scheme. Applications (in 4 copies) with names of 2 referees must reach the Librarian, University of London, School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London, WC1, by Wednesday morning, 1 June 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference to Political and Social Theory). Salary scale (at present under review) £700-£850 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 28 May 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two posts at the grade of Assistant Lecturer in Economics in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary scales (at present under review) £700 × £50 to £850 per annum; membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 31 May 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Economics in the Department of Economics and Social Science from 1 October 1960. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom six copies of applications containing the names of three referees should be sent not later than 8 June 1960.

LONDON County Council. Experienced men and women Assistants required all day (or part) for summer holiday games work in large play park in central London. Application forms (giving rates of pay, obtainable from Education Officer (PS.8), County Hall, SE1) should be completed and returned as soon as possible. (1224).

CAPABLE and experienced House Mother, preferably with Child Care Course Certificate, for small school for emotionally disturbed children. Apply by letter with particulars of age, education, and experience. Principal, Adlestrop Park, Near Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Applications invited from trained or experienced men or women Social Workers (including married women wishing to re-enter employment) for appointment as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work. Successful candidates will have to train and advise voluntary Care Committee workers in wide range of preventive case work for school children and their families, which will include enabling parents to use all the social services available and assisting them in problems arising from primary poverty and difficult family relationships. Organisers are expected to direct, co-ordinate and participate in case work of varying depths. £623-£830, commencing according to experience and qualifications. Exceptionally, part-time engagements may be considered. Application forms, with details from Education Officer (Estab. 2/7), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 1 June. (939).

TRAINING for Child Welfare Officers – Non-University Course. The London County Council, in association with the Home Office Central Training Council in Child Care, is inaugurating in September 1960, a two-year training course for persons, not less than 25 years of age, wishing to take up full-time employment as child welfare officers either in London or elsewhere in the country. The course will combine theoretical instruction, to be given at a centre in London, with practical work in the field. No specific academic qualification is prescribed for admission but candidates will be required to show evidence that, in addition to the necessary personal qualities, they are of sufficient educational attainment to enable them to follow the course successfully. Selected candidates if willing to serve as child welfare officers (salary £665-£965) in London for not less than two years after successful completion of the training will be offered positions of student child welfare officers in the Council's Children's Department at a salary of £400 during training; otherwise they will be considered (if resident in London) for major county awards, or for maintenance grants from the Central Training Council. Candidates successfully completing the course will be recognised by the Central Training Council as qualified child care officers. Further details and application forms can be obtained from the Children's Officer (E.1/NS/1115/5), County Hall, London, SE1. The last date for the receipt of applications will be 31 May 1960.

MIDDLESEX County Council. (1) Full-time Educational Psychologist reqd at new Child Guidance Centre, Church Lane, Kingsbury, NW9. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent, recognised clinical training and teaching experience essential. Duties include general advisory work in schools and work in the Child Guidance Centre. Salary: Soulbury II – £1,290 – £1,560 (male); £1,271 – £1,560 (female). Commencing salary according to previous experience. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 26 May. (2) Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd at Hornsey Child Guidance Clinic. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical 'A' Scale £610 – £845 plus London Weighting. Part-time considered. Application forms and further details from Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Crouch End, N8, returnable by 26 May. Both posts: prescribed conditions. (Quote C.512 N.S.)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Second Psychiatric Social Worker in the Psychiatric Department of the Maida Vale Hospital, Maida Vale, W9. The department consists of two Consulting Psychiatrists, Registrar and two Psychiatric Social Workers. The work is very varied and interesting, is concerned mainly with outpatient adults and parents of disturbed children, and there are opportunities for both long and short term case work. The duties involved could be varied, according to experience of the successful applicant. There is good office accommodation, secretarial help and restaurant facilities. This vacancy is a replacement. Applications with two referees should be sent to The House Governors, The Maida Vale Hospital, Maida Vale, W9.

APPLICATIONS invited from qualified teachers for post with group of 10-12 maladjusted children. Friendly informal atmosphere. Salary £550-£600 plus full board and lodgings. Pension scheme. West country. Box 4296.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FIFE County Council. Children's Department. Applications are invited for appointment as Child Care Officers. Candidates (Male or Female) should have training in Social Work and preferably hold Social Studies or Child Care Certificates. Salary Scale Executive 1 & 2 £605/£735 per annum. Superannuation Scheme. Applications stating age, experience, qualifications, etc., with copy testimonials by 27 May 1960 to the County Clerk, County Buildings, Cupar, Fife. No canvassing.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers for both pre and after-care in Community Care Service, reqd one in (a) East Division, Tottenham, one in (b) Central Division, Willesden. Good office accommodation and clerical assistance. Offers scope and interest in this field of psychiatric social work. Six psychiatric social workers are at present engaged one in each of above divisions. PTA qualifications and salary. Established, prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars and 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen Street, SW1, by 2 June. (Quote C.492N.S.).

FAMILY Welfare Association needs Family Caseworkers. Social Science Certificate or Sociology Degree plus professional casework training and/or good casework experience required. Salary scale £550 × £25 to £825. Senior caseworkers in charge of Area Offices also required. Salary scale £900-£1,000. Appointment on salary scales in both cases according to experience. Superannuation Scheme, 4 weeks holiday p.a., five day week, plus opportunity for consultation and professional development. Application in writing to: Organising Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Assistant Social Worker at the Walsall Civic Guild of Help and Citizens' Advice Bureau. Social Science Diploma essential, salary according to age and experience. This Organisation is a Council of Social Service and offers varied experience to anyone wishing to gain such experience in all branches of Social Work. Applications to be sent to the Secretary, Civic Guild of Help, Hatherton House, Hatherton Street, Walsall.

ST JOHN'S School, Apethorpe, Nr Peterborough. Applications are invited for the post of resident Housemaster at this Senior Approved School for Catholic boys aged 15/19 years. The Governors are looking for a man dedicated to the service of youth. He should have a keen interest into the problems of delinquent youth and a desire to assist in their training and reformation. There is ample scope for character building activities, camping, expeditions, ATC and games, and boys are encouraged to qualify for the Duke of Edinburgh Award. An excellent liaison exists with the County Association of the NABC. Keenness and leadership are more important than formal qualifications. Salary scale, at present £505 to £785 is subject to review. Single quarters only available on repayment of £116 per annum. Applicants, who should be practising Catholics, are invited to write to the Headmaster as soon as possible, giving full details of education and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees.

SUSSEX. St Leonards-on-Sea. Young, qualified resident teacher required for post with scope for imaginative individual work with adolescent girls suffering from asthma or other psychosomatic symptoms. Applicants should be able to teach general subjects and preferably have an interest in games and remedial physical education. The school, administered by the Invalid Children's Aid Association, is recognised by the Ministry of Education for 30 girls aged 9-16. Salary according to the Burnham Scale for Special Schools; superannuation; Residential emoluments in return for extraneous duties. Applications to the General Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 18 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £32 10s. per month rising to £40, less valuation of emoluments. Write Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECOND Assistant Warden required at Home in Hove, Sussex, for 75 active aged gentlefolk run by Voluntary Organisation. Previous experience not necessary. Genuine interest in social work concerned with the elderly and willingness to learn administration of the Home, catering and control of staff essential. Possibility of promotion in due course. Starting salary £300 p.a. plus full residential emoluments. Superannuation considered. Applications to Deputy Chairman of the Trustees of Dresden House, 63 Terminus Road, Eastbourne, giving age, experience and two referees should be received with two weeks of appearance of this advertisement.

SHEFFIELD. Croft House Settlement. Applications invited from suitably qualified men or women for post of Club Leader, vacant in September. The Settlement combines established club work together with experimental approach through new coffee bar project, etc. The post calls for imagination, initiative and an interest in the 'unattached'. Salary according to experience. Apply by letter to: P. B. Wharton, 260 Abbey Lane, Sheffield 8.

BODENHAM Manor School, Nr Hereford. Woman Teacher required at the above school at beginning of Autumn term. Bodenham Manor is a Residential School for 32 maladjusted boys from 8 to 16 years under the Wardenship of W. David Wills. Salary Burnham scale plus emoluments for out of school supervision. Further particulars from: Mrs H. A. Rees, Hon. Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham 30.

AN AFTER Care Family Case Worker is required in July at the Crowley House Family Rehabilitation Centre. Salary at accepted scales. Full information and application form is available from The Secretary, Crowley House, Wooley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29. Application forms to be returned by 31 May.

MATRON and Assistant Matron wanted for September. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Apply in writing, enclosing references or testimonials and particulars of education, to the Principals, Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset.

CLUBS Adviser. Pioneer three-year appointment with National Old People's Welfare Council for man or woman to help develop clubs and leisure time activities for the elderly. Experience club work essential and ability to drive desirable. Initially based NW England. £750-£800 plus travelling expenses. S.a.e. marked 'Clubs Adviser' for further particulars and application form to National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1. Closing date 1 June.

ESSEX. Homestead School, Nr Colchester. Housemaster and Housemother (man and wife) required for residential special school 45 senior maladjusted boys. Social Science Diploma or equivalent preferred. Duties mainly supervision out of school hours and organisation leisure activities, possibly some teaching. Good flat in school free. Salaries £575-£845 and £420-£520 p.a. respectively. Further particulars and forms (s.a.e.) from Divisional Education Officer, Park Road, Colchester.

THE Association of Scientific Workers, a trade union organising staffs in scientific employment, requires two organisers, one to work from Glasgow and one from Sheffield. Trade Union experience essential. Salary £870 to £1,035, four weeks leave, pension scheme. Write giving personal details, trade union experience, and whether application is for Glasgow or Sheffield to The General Secretary, 15 Half Moon St, London, W1. Final date for application 31 May 1960.

RESEARCH Economists. London Commodity Merchants require Economists experienced in the preparation of Commodity Reports, analyses of market trends, statistical surveys, etc. Good salary and prospects. Pension Scheme. Please write detailing experience and qualifications to Box 4524.

TRADE Union Solicitors, with large practice in London, require intelligent and progressive young man with or without previous legal experience for training as litigation clerk, dealing mainly with claims for damages arising out of industrial accidents. Box 4253.

MOTOR Industry Research Association. Applications are invited for the post of Librarian to take charge of the technical library under supervision of Chief Information Officer. Candidates must have passed, at least, the complete Registration Examination of the Library Association. Good salary, five day week, pension scheme. Applications should be addressed to: Director, The Motor Industry Research Association, Lindley, Nr Nuneaton, Warwickshire.

MARKET Investigations Limited have vacancies for full-time Women Interviewers, preferably graduates, to work independently on a wide variety of surveys. Any previous experience of interviewing is less important than the ability to handle people sympathetically and an interest in experimental techniques. The posts are based on London but involve some travels for which generous allowances are paid. Please write with full details Miss Lois Symonds, Market Investigations Ltd, 1-2 Berners St, W1.

GENERAL SECRETARY VACANCY

In June 1961 the General Secretary of the Institution of Professional Civil Servants will retire. Applications are invited for this post. Candidates will need to have a detailed knowledge of Civil Service organisation, Whitley working and trade unionism and be able to show a capacity for representing the extremely wide range of interests of the Institution's membership. Experience of negotiation and arbitration, a capacity for presenting a case and for speaking at public meetings, ability to write for the Institution's Journal, are all essential attributes.

The salary is £2,700 a year (subject to adjustment in line with Civil Service salaries at this level). There is a non-contributory superannuation scheme with a fixed retiring age of 60. Six weeks annual leave.

Applicants will be considered together with the present senior staff of the Institution. The successful candidate will be required to take up duties a few months before the General Secretary retires. Applications, giving all relevant detail, must reach the Institution by 30 June 1960, and should be addressed to: The General Secretary, IPCS, Queen Anne's Chambers, 28 Broadway, London, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Administrative Officer. Responsibilities will include office administration; organising of Annual Conferences of the Party, Labour Women and Young Socialists; organisation of National Summer Schools; work in connection with the National Executive Committee and National Council of Labour. Apply for forms to Mr Morgan Phillips, General Secretary, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq., Lndn, SW1, to be returned by 20 May 1960.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the posts of Radio and Television Officer to take charge of the radio and television services of the Labour Party, and an Assistant Radio and Television Officer. Experience in preparing and producing sound and television broadcasts desirable. Apply for forms to Mr Morgan Phillips, General Secretary, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq., SW1, to be returned by 20 May 1960.

TUTOR Organiser required for West Cumberland from 1 August 1960. Degree essential and appropriate to adult education, preferably in economics, politics and history. Salary scale £650 × 50 × £1,200 (scale under review). Commencing salary may be higher than the minima according to experience and qualifications. Application form (s.a.e.) from Workers' Educational Association, 51 Grainger St, Newcastle upon Tyne 1. Closing date 11 June

CARDIFF Solicitors require hard-working young assistant for litigation department mainly engaged in industrial accident cases for Trade Unions. Commencing salary £1,000 to £1,500 dependent on experience, together with use of car. Box 4144.

LONDON Regional Council CND require an Assistant Regional Secretary. Qualifications: efficient shorthand typist, capable of organising small, but busy office, member of the Campaign. Salary up to £450 p.a. Applications in writing within seven days of appearance of this advertisement to The Chairman, 5 Caledonian Road, London, N1.

INTERESTING post available for young person with knowledge of typography and layout in publishers sales department. Please mention age, qualifications and salary required, and if able to type. Apply to Sales Manager, Faber & Faber Ltd, 24 Russell Square, WC1.

PERSONAL Assistant to General Secretary of Jewish organisation publishing small monthly journal required. Work includes general secretarial/shorthand typing and sub-editing, the latter to be learned. Salary according to qualifications. Box 4569.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Welfare Officer, female. Salary £572 per annum, rising by annual increments to £806. Contributory pension scheme. Candidates without training but with suitable background and experience would be considered. Apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

SECRETARY required for Student Health Centre, University College London (Gower St, WC1); well-educated woman, aged 25-35, good with people; secretarial experience (preferably medical) and speedy shorthand/typing essential; some practical knowledge of first aid an advantage; interesting post, varied duties; good holidays. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

ENERGETIC young man interested in advocacy required for Cardiff firm. Salary £1,000 to £1,500 per annum according to experience, together with use of car. Excellent prospects. Box 4145.

EDINBURGH – Interesting, congenial post demanding initiative and adaptability offered to lady with secretarial or office experience to run small busy office. Outside representation optional. Car-driver, language useful but not essential. Part-time work considered. Give age, domestic responsibilities. Box 4498.

AN OPPORTUNITY for interesting and varied work in a pleasant office is offered to a woman between 20 and 45 with shorthand and typing who does not despise clerical work, by a leading educational publisher. Salary between £300 and £650 according to age and experience, luncheon vouchers. Please apply in writing to Mr J. D. Bevington, Ginn and Company Ltd, 18 Bedford Row, London, WC1.

LADY Senior Clerk required for Accounts department. Age 25-30. Salary range £530-£655 a year (scale at present under review). Apply in writing, stating age, education and experience, together with the names of two referees, to the Assistant Secretary and Accountant, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, WC2.

THE Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8 (CUN. 5181) invites applications for the following staff vacancies. (a) Personal Secretary for a Minister. (b) Shorthand-Typist for Organising Secretary. Interesting work, pleasant offices and congenial conditions. Apply Assistant Secretary.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Finsbury. Public Libraries Department. Cataloguer Typist required, typing 45 w.p.m., library experience, particularly cataloguing an advantage. Salary according to experience and qualifications rising to £760 per annum. Closing date Monday 23 May. Applications to Henry A. Davey, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, EC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council require experienced Shorthand-Typist. Good speeds essential. Interesting work in small friendly office. Hours 9-5, no Sats. £10 p.w. Holiday arrangements honoured. Apply to Office Secretary, 78 Duke St, W1.

PART-Time or Full-Time Secretary with good speeds willing to teach Shorthand/Typing wanted by West End school. Teaching experience and knowledge of one foreign language an advantage. Box 4141.

SECRETARIAL post vacant in small publishing firm (specialising pictorial charts for Home schools service and abroad) W7 district. Part-time at present. Job offers opportunities for expansion in various directions. Salary by negotiation. Pictorial Charts Unit. EAL. 8853.

SECRETARY Shorthand Typist wanted. Interesting work for Photographic Equipment Manufacturers. Write for appointment to Photax (London) Ltd, 173 Charlotte Street, W1, or 'phone LAN. 6272.

DICTAPHONE Typist and Clerk Typist (learner shorthand-typist would be given opportunity to develop skill) required for Collet's Head Office. Salary & Conditions acc. TU Agreement; 5-day week; holiday arrangements respected. 'Phone CHA. 4756 for appointment.

TWO Girls offered work restore and manage neglected garden west country house, possibility develop small market garden (compost only) profit sharing; give age and experience. Box 4529.

WIDOWER, aged 50, with two sons 11 & 7 requires working Housekeeper. Chingford modern home. Write Box 4589.

EYE on Research' or eye on the main chance but a good job from Winifred Johnson (Staff Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOL. 0350.

TEMPORARY Shorthand and Copy Typists wanted a week or more, 10 to 5 or longer hours. Also many good permanent posts. Individual attention. Victoria Agency, 1 Strutton Ground, SW1. VIC. 2888.

ABELLA Roberts, agent, 6/7 Queen St, EC4, gets you the job you want. Permanencies all office staff, m./f. Needs temporary shorthand-typists, highest pay, for holiday relief work. Please call.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff. (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800. 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS. 7379.

SEC./Sh. typs. Temp. Top sals. MAY. 6336. Savoy Agy, 487 Oxford St, W1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BI-LINGUAL (English-Russian) qualified Engineer (M.Sc. in Civ. Eng., California), arriving London middle 1960 after 21 years Commonwealth Civil Service, sks contacts firms, persons interested in services of Consultant Engineer-translator. Flair for research, study, presentation of reports. Also interested in teaching Technical Russian at University level. Box 4298.

FRENCH Socialist 28, (wife British), sks temp./perm., part/full-time job London. Law grad., travelled, knowledge accountancy, current affairs. Box 4377.

YUGOSLAV woman 44 seeks resident domestic work N. London. MOU 2894.

FEMALE undergraduate (20) sks well-paid job anywhere, July-Sept. 1960. Willing work very hard. Can drive, type. Box 4523.

EXPERIENCED Governess seeks post home/abroad Children 5-12. No washing/ironing. Box 4436.

INTELL. sec., Engl./Ger., Social Science Diploma, wants pt-time job. Box 4579.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

NO other agent in Hampstead and North West London provides such extensive facilities at low cost as Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, who see every property, operate a call service, and remove your baggage. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM 0027.

FULLY furn. flat, 3 rms, kit. & bathrm, telephone, adj. Ham. Heath. £8 incl. h. & c., c.h. & electr. Phone MOU 2586 eve.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO 2634.

W2. Sunny bed-sit. in quiet house. 2½ gns. BAY. 1366 before 11 a.m.

LARGE room & kit. partly furn. All cons. Sup. hse, NW2. GLA. 9088 after 7.

STREATHAM, lux. furn. flat, linen, china. Avl. 24 July-30 Aug. Box 4283.

PROFESSIONAL man offers another bachelor (25-35) large furnished room in pleasant flat NW3. 3 gns. Box 4537.

SCHOOLMASTER-musician reqs congenial companion to share flat £3 5s. weekly. Gibbs, 70 Belgrave Road, SW1.

CHARMING room, Knightsbridge, vacant four months. £3 10s. KEN. 3961.

VERY nice s/c. ground flr flat unfashionable part W2. Rent £138 p.a. (incl. rates & c.h.w.). Fitted carpets, curtains, some furniture, plus 3-yr lease (renewable) £350 o.a.o. One very large rm, dble bedrm, kit./bathrm. 'Phone BAT. 5753.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

IN Univ. Lecturer's newly conv. hse Bayswater unf. s/c gdn flat, 2 lge rms, lux. bthrm. Tel. 5 yrs lease. AMB. 9466.

W14. Attract. gr.-flr divan rm. Concld ckg facs, etc. 45s. RIV. 8405.

GOLDERS Grn. 2 sgle rms, cen. htg, h. & c. in priv. bthrm for 2. Ckg facs. Cleang once weekly. 3½ & 3 gns. SPE. 3328.

PLEASANT room in modern block, NW6. For professional man or woman, with bkfast £4 4s. 'Phone MAI. 3409.

YOUNG man wanted to share flat, nr Oval, with another. 35s. wkly. Box 4559

HIGHGATE Stn. 2-rm furn. flat, 2 divan b/s., din./kit., use b. 4 gns. TUD 4037.

FLAT, topflr, 2 bedrms, kitchen, bathrm, July-Sept. £3 15s. WC1. Box 4549.

YNG lady reqd to share attract. flat Highgate. £13 p.m. MOU. 3531 after 7 p.m.

NEWLY dec. b/s. ovlkg Queenswood, Sgl. 70s. Dbl. 4 gns. Ckg facs. TUD. 0516.

PROF. woman offers woman contf. b/s.-room, use kit., tel. W9. Box 4572.

ATTRACT. modernised seaside cottages, slp 2-10. Except 16 July-3 Sept. Sewell, Portland Hse, Aberayron, Cards. Tel. 237.

S/C. studio, slp two, vac. 21 May-1 Oct. excig 23 July-6 Aug. 4 gns wkly. 29 St Peter's Hill, Newlyn, Cornwall.

YORKSHIRE Dales: Hol. flats 2/10 persons: From 5 gns wk. Mod. cons Wharfedale Hols, 8 Willow Grove, Beverley

BOGNOR Regis Attractive Georgian residence to let 31 July-3 Sept. Sleep 6 & cot. 25 gns wkly. Cherry Tree Cottage, 18 Chichester Rd, Bognor Regis 3123.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

NEW Zealand bachelor, music lover, record fan, arriving mid-May requires furnished flatlet or bed-sitter, fairly central. Box 4209.

INDIAN Doctor, wife and child require s/c. furnished flat mid-June within 20-mile radius Central London. Box 4573.

LAW student (English wife of Nigerian Doctor) anxious to share accommodation with another grass widow. Two children (4½ and 6). London area. Happy assist baby-sitting. Write Box 4320.

YOUNG American University lecturer seeks s/c. furn. flat, Central London, 8 July-7 August. Box 4367.

BED-sitting room with piano required. Usual cooking facilities. Box 4443.

CANADIAN economist, wife, two children, req. furnished flat London six weeks from 10 Sept. Box 4289.

BACHELOR, 30's, wishes to hear of guest or apartment house, pleasant area, SW7, W8, W2, or near, catering for quiet bus./prof. people similar age. Box 4517.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHICH?' The May issue, out now, includes reports on TV sets and baldness treatments. 'Which?' is factual and independent, published monthly by the Consumers' Association. 'Which?' is available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

WANTED: 'Infant Speech'. A study of the beginnings of language by M. M. Lewis. Box 4368.

REVIEW of Elections 1954-58'. 80 p.p. book, details of main elections in world, current situation, electoral system & parties. 'I would make it compulsory in all schools & universities, all citizens ought to pass an examination in it' – Punch. Send 6s. 9d. (13s. 6d. cloth) to Scorpion Press, 11 Rofant Road, Northwood, Mdx.

INTERNATIONAL Socialism – Journal for Socialist theory. Spring 1960, 3s. post paid; 10s. p.a. Contributions include Cadogan on Crowther Report, Leslie on Africa, Gluckstein on Chinese Communes, MacDiarmid's 2nd Hymn to Lenin. Order from IS, 90 Regent's Park Road, NW1.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

S/H. books, records, posted. List sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (opposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps, mss; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

QUALITY American paperbacks. All subjects. Lists from Dept 2, Trans Atlantic Book Serv. Ltd, 45 Neal St, WC2.

A. & N. The Army and Navy Stores' Library Service provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

YUGOSLAVIA

15 day Air & Coach Tour visiting Zagreb, Jajce, Sarejevo, Split, Plitvice and 7 glorious nights at Dubrovnik. From 36 gns.
Departures every fortnight on Sundays from 5 June to 11 September.

ROME – VENICE – FLORENCE
15 day Stars of Italy Coach Tour from 39 gns.

VENICE – RIMINI – MERANO (Dolomites)
15 day conducted Coach Tour from 36 gns Vacancies: 19 June, 17 and 24 July and 7 August.

GREECE & GREEK ISLANDS
14 day Air Tours from 84 gns.

Apply for full details to
APAL TRAVEL LTD,
78 New Oxford St, London, WC1.
Tel. MUSeum 9351 (10 lines)

WHITSUN & SPRING HOLIDAYS

Enjoy an early holiday with Spring flowers and sunshine: informal parties to the Italian Riviera or Adriatic, the Costa Brava, the South of France, Portugal, Swiss Alpine Flower holidays, Whitsun parties in Britain, Brittany, Belgium, Italy, France and Austria including Oberammergau.
ERNA LOW, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 8881-2.

A FEW Places Left! In amateur photographer party to Lake Geneva 1 to 12 Aug. (a few earlier dates still available). Luxury hotel 12 days London back to London £29 19s. 6d. inclusive. (beginners welcome) Please write to Miss Liebermann, 79 Gresham Street, EC2 MET 8677

ATTRACTIVE Tour – Prague, Brno, Bratislava and Karlovy Vary (16-30 July) £33. A few places left Moscow/Leningrad Tour £55. Apply for details of these and other tours with s.a.e. to BYFC Tours, 351 Goswell Rd, London, EC1.

COUCHETTE: male: Boulogne/Lyons 23 May/2 June; £5 return. Box 4510.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193

LONDON-Moscow return £32 by Dormobile. Dep. 16 July, return 5 Aug. W. de Wend-Fenton, Ebberston Hall, Scarboro'.

NICE, French Riviera. Twin-bedded balcony room nr sea front, b & b., use bathroom. English spoken. 15s. p.p.p. day. Enqs about hotels or flats also welcomed. Gautier, 3 Ave Californie, Nice, France.

NORFOLK Broads Motor Cruisers, Yachts, House-boats, Bungalows, Caravans by River & Coast. Please send 1s. for detailed catalogue. Broads Holidays, 4 Hamilton Road, Gt Yarmouth.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays' Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

VENICE is about as big as Swansea, otherwise it's different. We offer chance to combine week Carinthian mountains with week Venice. 1-15 Aug. £38 15s. Excursion Bled, Yugoslavia. Forman, 135 Pollards Hill South, SW16. POL. 2230 after 7 p.m.

25 Gns. Amsterdam – The Hague – Rotterdam – Luxembourg – Trier – Brussels – Bruges. An educational and cultural holiday of 15 days with fun. Denmark & The Rhine also available. Particulars: Reed, 3 New Square, London, WC2.

PS. 'Don Giovanni', 'Figaro', 'The Magic Flute', 'Don Carlos', 'Rosenkavalier', etc. Harold Ingham has still a few places vacant in special parties to attend Music Festivals in Salzburg, Lucerne, Munich, Vienna, Verona, etc., including excellent tickets for performances. Programme from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow. HAR. 1040/1087.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating and all secretarial services, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

DUPLICATING, sh/typg. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5583.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Transltns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row SW1. VIC 7333

PROPERTY TO LET

COMF. isolated cott. Merioneth. Water, calor, Elsan. Suit two friends or married couple. Long let required immed. Vac. till 31 Mar. '61, ex. August, Sept. & poss. 1 wk 2 Jly. V. mod. rent suitable tenant. Refs reqd. Ring Hedingham 38.

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd from p.736

SEE Spain and learn Spanish. 16 day Summer tours of Ronda, Jerez & Cadiz 4 hours tuition a day. Also residential courses in Ronda & Cordoba. Board, lodging & full tuition: £7 19s. per week. Write Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM. 2202.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

GCE Courses in English Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time Day/Evg. Reduced fees for long crses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460.

TUITION by Post for GCE. Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

GREGG and Pitman intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7.

SHORTHND/Typg priv. tuit. Mabel Eyles 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

FOR Yoga classes and correspondence course, please write to the Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SCULPTURE. Private tuition by Karin Jonzen. Phone MAI. 9569.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FAMILY Courses in Wiltshire, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes. 30 Jly-5 Aug.; 6-12 Aug. Talks and discussions for parents accommodated in Manor (7 gns). Children in supervised camp alongside (£5). Details from the Warden.

HABONIM Summer Institute 14 August-9 September at Eder Farm, Dial Post, Horsham, Sussex. Programme includes Hebrew, 'War on Want', 'The Jew in the Western World', 'The Prophets', and discussion of modern social and political problems. Combination of enjoyable holiday and worthwhile educational experience. Further details: Habonim, 323 Finchley Road, NW3. (HAM. 9033.).

'WHITSUN Painting' Residential course, marvellous country nr Oxford. Personal tuition, life model & landscape. Illustrated lectures. Box 4602.

LEATHERHEAD Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington. 7-day courses in Dramatic Art, July and August. One Evening Course. Director: Marian Naylor. Syllabus: Miss O. Symonds, 111 Elmstead Avenue, Wembley Pk, Middlesex.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept., 1960. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

STUDENTSHIPS & GRANTS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above Studentships and Grants for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent by 1 July 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

PERSONAL

WOULD publicity man be willing to assist National Charity with its Appeals Publicity (Press, leaflets, etc.) as and when required? Kindly write Hon. Administrator, 139 Oxford Street, W1.

LADY willing caretake during holidays, Central London area. Box 4487.

NICE, South of France. Furnished double bedroom and sitting-room, use bathroom and kitchen. Near sea front. Rent £4 per week. Write Miss Ivanova, 33 Ladbroke Road, London, W11.

SINGLE room in secluded country cottage with writer's family. Compton, Broad Park, Fairy Cross, Bideford, Devon.

SWITZERLAND. 1-3 seats Minor leaving London mid-June, single or return. Expenses shared. Box 4475.

MAN, 35, would like to make up small mixed party for easy walking holiday (from tixed base) in N. Wales or elsewhere. 2 weeks starting 23 July. Leo Lawrence, 142 Anson Road, NW2.

NEAR Liba. 6-roomed furnished house to let for one year on unspoiled island. All mod. con. Rent £350. Box 4284.

LADY driver seeks similar for proposed holiday Continent. Interested art history. References. Box 4304.

YAS Mina Orphanage, near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by Treasurer, Rt Hon Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

WELL-established author gives expert help expanding theme, developing plots. Box 4084.

ANYONE want to go to Paris Whitsun? £10 and under 30. Box 4307.

LIVE summer job wtd from June: male (23) awtg Child Acctcy Final result; 2 short stories publ. Cont. prefd. Box 4428.

BACH. 26, seeks another to share luxurious N. London flat. 3 gns. Box 4430.

FAST Norwegian dinghy with inboard engine & trailer. PARk 5537.

NORFOLK Coast: Share in house offered. 10-31 July. Box 4598.

FREE 3 weeks' holiday Mallorca June offered young linguist (m.) in return for concentrated coaching in French, German and perhaps Spanish. 'Phone RELiance 5049 or write Box 4508.

4th flr flat offd in return some daytime Sec. services. Mary Adams, WEL. 5337.

PROFESSIONAL writer, artist, recently widowed, middle-aged, offers competent, reliable child minding etc., evenings, in exch. studio-cum-bedsitter. Attractive. Storage space. London area. Refs. Box 4596.

VEGETARIAN (f.) seeks another for holiday June or August. Box 4525.

HOME during term-time wanted for doctor's daughter aged twelve attending ballet school September, Notting Hill Gate or near. References supplied. Box 4533.

SPACIOUS Hampstead flat available summer holidays, to exchange for similar on coast. Box 4397.

MEDITERRANEAN Coast, furn. holiday flats avail.; reas. Enqs Box 4300.

BRIGHTON Regency seafront: attractive sgle/dble rooms in private house. Suitable hols/wkends. Ckg facils. Very reas. AMB. 8918/Brighton 62482.

PARIS. Intelligent girl (20-26?), good appearance, required July for 1 or 2 years accompany diplomat, wife, 4-yr-old and baby. Share household duties; live with family. Salary. Write Box 4536.

WANTED by progressive Central London Group, small hall, shop or large room weekends. Bates, 2 Maze Rd, Kew, Sy.

CHILDREN'S summer holiday school. Every care. Trained staff. Write: Principal, 18 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs, Kent. Telephone Thanet 62783.

TOURING? Swotting? Cambridge MA, highly qualified, teaches German, Russian, Italian, French; or English to foreigners. Ring FRE. 7025.

GARDEN- & cat-lover, bachelor, journalist, art critic, begs garden flat in or near Hampstead, or equally salubrious district. Rent/buy. Box 4379.

WANTED: full board for French boy, 13, doctor's son, with family, pref. with other children to learn English. August, country, seaside, ns. London. Box 4551.

WANTED: Any old musical instruments that are broken & unusable. To encourage a growing interest. State lowest price accept. Condn immaterial. Box 4600.

PERSONAL—continued

ANYONE care to live with small family in Cornwall this summer, in exchange for help with children? Beach close by, and village (fishing) is good central point for Penzance, St Ives, Falmouth. 'Au pair' would suit ideally. Box 4590.

TEACHERS seek exchange house August nr Yorkshire/Wales coast. Plaskow, 49 Quarrendon Road, Amersham, Bucks.

JUAN Les-Pins, France. 1 car seat available, leaving London 17 July, return 31 July. Write Box 4452.

POETRY Reading Group N10 area, new blood wanted. 'Phone TUDor 5548.

FULLY expd Stage Director (amateur) reqd for City Group producing 'Expresso Bongo'. PUT. 6538 evgs.

ICA Visit to Amsterdam and Rotterdam 16-17 June. Enquiries about membership and tour to Sec., 17/18 Dover St, W1.

WHITSUN Festival of Arts: 3-7 June at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. 10-24 June 'Human Relations Seminar'.

JEWISH cultural, literary & social Society invite applications from young men with bright ideas to join their committee. Write Box 4520.

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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8. Th. & Sat. 5 & 8. The Caretaker by Harold Pinter. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30, Sun. 4. 4th wk 14th Ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5. 8.15. Laurence Olivier in Ionesco's 'Rhinoceros'. Produced by Orson Welles.

TOWER. 12, 13, 14 May, 7.30. Last 3 evenings. 'The Enchanted', a comedy, from 'Intermezzo' by Giraudoux, dir. by F. O. M. Smith. CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Marghanita Laski's 'The Off-Shore Island' – 10 Nuclear years hence? Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

HAMPSTEAD Parish Church, Church Row, NW3. Saturday 21 May at 8 p.m. Hampstead Choral Society (Conductor – Martindale Sidwell). Goldsbrough Orchestra, Eileen Poulter, David Johnston, Christopher Keyte, Ralph Downes. Jephthah (Carissimi), Cantata No. 150 (Bach), Mass in G (Schubert). Progs 6s. at door.

THURS. 19 May, 1 p.m. Lunch Time Recital, St James Church, Piccadilly. Rossini, Beethoven, Brahms: Joyce Young (mezzo), Janet Kirkland (piano), Brian Hawkins (viola).

FOLK Songs of Many Lands: Gram. Recital by Johnny Ambrose, 64 West End Lane, NW6. Sat. 14 May 8 p.m. Refreshments. BCFA

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) The Immortal Land (U) and Greek Sculpture (U)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 15 May: Eisenstein's 'Ivan the Terrible' (Part 1) (A). From 16 May: 'Ivan the Terrible' Part 2 – 'The Boyars' Plot' (U). 'The Vision of William Blake' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartette Today Saturday 14 May, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Guests 5s. Non-Members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

OVER 25s Dance every Sun., 7.30, Norfolk Htl, London St (opp. Pad. Stn) 3s.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Mattia Moreni Paintings. Closing Saturday 14 May at 1 p.m. Morris Louis Paintings. Preview for members: Tuesday 17 May at 6 p.m. Open to public: 18 May-4 June. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Roy de Maistre: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1917-60. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. Ninth Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture by Kensington Artists. 12 May to 4 June 1960. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. (Saturdays, 5 p.m.). Admission free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2. Kosice, constructions and hydraulic sculpture. Till 30 May, 10-6.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Bernard Dufour – First Exhibition of Paintings in England. Henry Inlander – Gouaches and Drawings. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings and Drawings from Christ Church, Oxford, an Exhibition in aid of the Christ Church United Clubs, Kennington. Admission: 2s. 6d. Daily 10-5.30 Sats 10-1. Until 11 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Schmidt-Pauly, Maeve Gilmore, Robert Hill – Paintings. 2-21 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery. 'Emilio Pettoruti' Paintings 1914-1959. Until 21 May. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent paintings Roger Hilton. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1 2 Cork St, W1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. James Ensor (1860-1949) Retrospective Centenary Exhibition – 28 April-28 May. Adm. 2s. 6d. Students 1s. In aid World Refugee Year. Dly 10-5. Sats 10-12.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Dubuffet – Ptngs, Gouaches, Lithographs. Until 3 June. Dly 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

AUSTRIAN Paintg & Sculpture 1900-1960. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Till 4 June. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admn 1s. 6d.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery: Francis Kelly: Aquatints of Portugal. 3-21 May. 7 Cork St, W1. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. REG. 3660.

KAPLAN Gallery – Henri Nouveau – Paintings. Opening 11 May. Until 3 June. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Josef Herman: Small Paintings and Drawings (Wkdys 10-5.30, Sats 10-1).

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. MOU 4917 Borchard, Brodzky, Clare, Feigl, Harris, Josephs, Kahn, Pereira, Sanders. Until 25 May. Dly incl. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Saltglazed Stoneware by Denise K. Wren & Rosemary D. Wren. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Opening 3 May.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Michael Wishart; Louis James and Theyre Lee-Elliott. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 25 May.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Paintgs John Bratby. From 4 May.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD. 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

RAILLE Gallery, 24 Islington Green, N1. Paintings & Gouaches. Colin Garland. 26 May-18 June.

HYDE Park Gallery, 30 Sussex Place, W2. Hans Schwarz – Paintings 3-21 May.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BLACKHEATH District New Left Club, Crown Hotel, Blackheath Village, Friday, 20 May, 8 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

TOMORROW, Saturday 14 May at 2.30 p.m.
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(Warren St Station)
RAYMOND WILLIAMS: 'Freedom and Ownership in the Arts'
Members 1s. 6d Non-members 2s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. John Pinder on 'The Six and the Seven'. Wed. 18 May, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Road, NW2.

S. AFRICAN Freedom Assoc. AGM. Fri. 13 May, 7.30, Friends House, Euston Rd. Prominent S. African exiles will report on recent developments. Non-mems. welc.

'LA Presse Française En 1960' by M. Jacques Kayser, Institut. Francais, Queensberry Pl., SW7. Tues. 17 May, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

PLANNING & Government in USSR explained by Soviet speakers: SCR Seminar, Thursdays 7 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 2s. (SCR mem. 1s. 6d.).

BRITISH-Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London). Discussion meetg, Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1, 7.30 p.m. Thurs. 19 May. David H. Blelloch on Recent Trends in UN Aid, in series on Socialists & Underdeveloped Countries.

STUDENT Committee Against Racial Segregation. March and Rally against Apartheid, Sat. 14 May, start 1 p.m. Marble Arch. Rally 2.30, Trafalgar Sq.

SCR Garden party for Soviet tourists: note change of date 28 May (not 14 May as announced) at 14 Kensington Sq., W8. 4.30 p.m. Adm. & refreshments 2s. 6d.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 15 May: Archibald Robertson, MA, 'Is It Peace?' Write for free 'Monthly Record'.

NEW Jewish Society. Coffee and Social Evening – Members only. Wed. 18 May, at 8 p.m. 83 Chiltern St, W1.

SIR Alan Herbert to speak in a discussion on Authors' Lending Rights. 16 May, 6.30. National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1. NBL mems 1s., non-mems 2s.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 15 May, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'From Rationalism to Humanism': F. H. Amphlett Micklewright.

IWC. Public Lecture. Free. N. S. Junankar, MA, D.Phil., Education Adviser, India House: 'UNESCO and India'. 8.30 p.m. Fri., 20 May. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

'GREAT Theosophists'. Public lecture, 15 May, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public lecture Wed. 18 May, 6.30: 'Mindfulness', Dr R. Powell, Ph.D. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Inf.: TAT. 1313.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BRISTOL Left Club meets alternate Wednesdays at 'Crown and Dove'. Secretary: T. Nicholls, 130 Cotham Brow, Bristol 6.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Members' Introductory Party. Dancing to Bill Pike and his group. Wednesday 18 May, 8.30-11 p.m. Members free. Guests 2s. 6d. The 30's. Julian Symons: 'A Dream Revolved' A study of the inter-relationship of art and society, covering politics in a broad sense. Chairman: James MacGibbon. Thursday 19 May, 8.15 p.m. Adm. 3s. Mems 1s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 13 May, 8 p.m. Dr D. M. Lang: 'Georgia, History-Art'. Fri. 20 May, 8 p.m. Prof. E. Hill: 'Tchaikovsky' (play read by author). Sun. 22 May, 4 p.m. at French Inst., Queensberry Place, SW7, Soviet Film: 'Virgin Soil Upturned' by Sholokhov. Seats to be res.

KINO – Discussion of the book (History of the Russian & Soviet Cinema) by author J. Leyda, Ivor Montagu, Bertha Malnick & Christopher Brunel at 14 Kensington Sq., W8, Tues. 17 May, 7.30. Adm. 2s. 6d.

DRUID Order: Mithras God of Light, by John Patrick Bury, MA. Caxton Hall. 19 May, 7.15 p.m.

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16 MAY

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LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.735

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